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THE MOONLIGHT RING;

OR,

THE BLACK SHADOW OF THE TWO-HANDED SWORD.

CHAPTER XXX.

LUCY MARSDEN—HER DUNGEON—HER FANCIED DELIVERANCE—THE FORCED SEA VOYAGE—WAS SHE MAD?

It now becomes time to return to the lonely Lucy Marsden, and to relate her sufferings during the two weary months which have passed since last she appeared in this history. As Silas, in his broad arms, was carrying her lithe, elegant form from the last of the slimy steps to the river cellar, happily for her she fainted. When she awoke, she extended her hands, and felt the hard pallet of straw on which she was lying. She was in darkness. At first she believed herself the victim of some fearful dream or oppressive nightmare. Thought, however, soon returned to her, and clearly and precisely she remembered all. She fell backward on her coarse couch, and in a few moments the faculities of life seemed suspended. Throughout our bodies a wondrous providence has provided soft, muscular substances, which breaks a rough jar which otherwise would destroy its delicate framework.

So, to our minds, the same all-wise care has given an elasticity which enables them, so to speak, to rebound from the heavy blows of great grief. Else would the world be one huge madhouse! When Lucy once more roused from her half consciousness, she found that all insensibly she was muttering a prayer. An old and simple prayer, which her mother had taught her when she was a child. How earnestly did she send her orison to the golden gate of Paradise! Her heart throbbed, her eyes smarted, till there came a flood of bitter and yet relieving tears. Out-wearied and over-worn, a slumber descended upon her, a heavy yet not unrefreshing sleep, when, in the morning, she awoke—— The morning? Was it the morning, or still the night? In that terrible dungeon of eternal gloom, the day was night, and the night was as the day. Her first sensation was one of intense thirst. Was she left there to die?

She could not think so. If death had indeed been the object of her unknown foes, surely they would have chosen means less horrible. She felt that she was preserved for some awful purpose. A thought flashed into her heart, followed by a scorching blush on her fair and innocent cheek. Instantly she rose and felt her prison walls. They were damp, but hard and solid. Her blood should stain them, if such need should come; but pure as when her mother cradled her and kissed her baby lip, would she stand with that mother in the flower-enamelled plains of heaven. How wretched she was—what utter misery—what vacant desolation! Hour passed on after hour, and the thirst maddened her. The thirst and the silence. At length, faintly and afar off, she could distinguish a sound. A dull, hollow sound, succeeded by a muffled echo! Soon, through the bars which were over the door, there came a few streaks of dim light. Was it a friend to rescue her? Her soul seemed to leap out of herself at the thought. Was it an enemy to destroy her? Her heart sank once more in despair. The key was in the lock—the bolt shot unwillingly back—the thick door heavily moved on its rusty hinges, and the deformed Long-shore Dick stood before her. She shrank into a corner. The hunchback placed his lantern on the ground, and laid down some coarse food and a stone jug on the dungeon floor. He scarcely looked at Lucy, who was voiceless with affright. Not till the hunchback had almost closed the door did she recover the faculty of speech.

"Tell me," she cried, rushing to him, and clasping his hand,—"tell me why——"

The hunchback put down his lantern outside the door, and shook his head angrily. Lucy still persisted. Then he grasped her with both hands, and as easily as though he were tossing a feather, flung her on to her pallet. The door closed, the key was turned, the light of the lantern glimmered once more through the bars, the footsteps one by one grew fainter and fainter, the echo faded, till it had faded away; and darkness, twinned with silence, reigned within the cell. Lucy, through the gloom of her dungeon, carefully felt for the jug, the liquid contents of which would, she thought, quench the agony of her thirst.

At last she discovered it, and putting it to her feverish, cracking lip, drained it to the last. The food she could not touch. The painter of old, wishing to depict the extreme of human agony, concealed the face of the sufferer. He left it to the imagination. So the pen fails to describe justly the endurances of Lucy Marsden. In imagination only can they be realized. Every day Long-shore Dick descended to the cell and every day left the portion of food and the measure of water. Lucy counted his visits till she had numbered forty-nine. Great heaven, was it to be ever thus! Lucy felt that her brain was giving way! More fervently than the condemned wretch implores to live did she pray for the continuance of reason. An idea, which for a long time had vaguely and indefinitely floated before her, assumed a fixed and determined shape. Her eyes, grown accustomed to the darkness, could distinguish objects as clearly as in the daylight. And, oh, that cell was so noisome—so horrible! Could heaven blame her, therefore, if this life, so burdensome, she threw away?

She must—existence became insupportable; she must either perish or go mad. Death was better than madness. Yet she struggled with the temptation; but the demon kept hissing in her ear, "Better death than madness." Hissed it so continuously that at last Lucy Marsden lost all control over herself. With a pin she scratched her last thought on the cruel wall. "Athol Clement." Then sweeping her matted hair from her brow, with one prayer on her lip, she dashed towards the stones. Her progress was suddenly arrested, the vigour of her determination had departed, and she was weak, trembling on her knees. For on the wall there gleamed, in subdued light, the old mysterious warning. The sword within the circle. Not an instant after its disappearance she could hear the noise of hurried descending steps. The door of her cell was flung open, and without a word Silas and the hunchback dragged her up the steps. The sun for the first time for so many weeks bathed her with its holy light. But she could see nothing. Her eyes had been so trained to gloom that to her darkness was true light. In the broad flush of day she was blind.

"Miss Marsden," exclaimed Mr. Ephraim Light,—"Miss Marsden, circumstances which I cannot at present explain, have occasioned an—an incarceration, the necessity for which none could deplore more deeply than myself. I, however, make the best reparation in my power by restoring you as soon as possible to your friends."

"I am not aware that I ever before saw you, sir," replied Lucy; "nor can I divine for what purpose I should have been condemned to endure so much, but rest assured that I will demand the strictest investigation, and the severest penalty shall be exacted for a crime so wanton and so wicked."

"Miss Marsden will perhaps remember, and remembering, take into consideration, that the same power that imprisoned her could have retained her, yet the same hand that closed the door to liberty has flung it open to freedom."

Lucy paused. She would not threaten, lest the power which had already inflicted so much should renew her misery.

"Perhaps Miss Marsden will consult her toilet before she leaves," suggested Light.

Shrouding her eyes with her hands, Lucy felt her way to a room up stairs, where the simplest means of ablution were prepared for her. She pulled down the blinds, closed the curtains, and then ventured to look around. Once more in a gloom she could see. She looked into the glass and started back with terror at the reflection. Hardly could she recognise herself. The iris of each eye was expanded over almost its entire surface—the means by which nature had enabled her to see in the darkness.

Her hair had grown lighter, and was closely matted. Her countenance had the damp pallor of a corpse. After the first shock she thought little of these alterations. Was she not free, and would she not see Athol once again? Her toilet was too long in its completion to satisfy Light, who hurried her. She merely enwrapped herself in the silk cloak and simple bonnet which had been taken from her at her first entrance into the fatal "World's End."

The night had come on. He feared he knew not what. He was eager that his victim should be away. At last she descended. The night was dark and lowering, but the breeze was welcome to her wasted cheek.

"You are not nervous of the water, Miss Marsden?"

"I tremble at no path, sir, which leads to freedom."

They were standing outside.

"You'll lock up the house, Silas," cried Light, "and not let a soul in—not under any pretence."

Silas nodded, and at once proceeded to put his patron's orders into execution.

"Now, Long-shore!"

The hunchback—at whose very sight Lucy shook till nearly fell—proceeded to the shore, slipped into the boat, and grasped the oars. He was soon followed by Light and Lucy. Long-shore Dick pulled vigorously till she reached Gravesend. Anxiously Light peered boat, and darkness for the ship which was their ultimate destination.

"That seems a large ship there," remarked Light. through the dark bound."

"I wonder if it's Indiaman," answered Lucy, seeing distinctly in the gloom. "'Tis the Jessie Arnold," Light, as he made signs to

"Em! that's good," though boat to a point of the the dumb man. shore waiting

Long-shore, obedient, rowed the was moored shore near the baths. Mrs. Raggen soon put these boxes with her boxes. A couple of sailors and their owner aboard. Lucy had the curiosity to look at the direction nailed on the luggage.

It was "Mrs. Jarvis, passenger, Calcutta, per the Jessie Arnold."

"We are just going to put this lady aboard," exclaimed Light, "and then," pointing to the Tilbury Railway Station, "we start for home."

The unsuspecting Lucy was satisfied. Slowly they approached the tall hull, and hailed her. The chief mate made his appearance over the bulwark.

"You had a message from Messrs. Davidson?"

"All right, sir," replied the mate. "Please to step aboard and speak to the captain."

The wooden steps were lowered, and Light ascended.

"Jim," cried the mate, "show this gentleman to the captain's cabin."

Light followed the boy, and soon found himself in the presence of Captain Staunton.

"I've received the message from our brokers, Mr. Light," exclaimed the Captain; "but on my soul I don't understand it. I've laid to, however."

"It's very simple," replied Light. "I have engaged a cabin for an afflicted lady and her attendant. Her name is Jarvis, the wife of the Colonel of the 33rd."

"Humph! Well, 'pon my soul, I don't half like it! What sort of a cabin do you require?"

"What can you spare?"

"Here, Jim, take a lantern and go before us."

The boy led the way through the vessel, still far removed from sea trim, till he came to a row of cabins under the officers' quarters in the stern.

"The very place," said the money-lender: "quiet, removed from all—light, snug and comfortable."

"I ordered the stewardess to get it ready," explained the Captain. "Is the lady alongside."

Light, with just the feeblest tremble in his heart, assented.

"It's a sad case," he explained. "She has just come from a perfect paradise of a place, at Tonbridge Wells; and, poor thing—poor thing! she fancies she's been all the time in a cellar under the Thames."

"Bless my soul," answered the Captain;" how very extraordinary!"

"Even her own name she repudiates. She has read in some romantic novel or other of a Lucy Marsden, and, in her painful delusion, she believes herself that very imaginative individual. "She talks of her estates in the north, of a lover, one Athol, I fancy she calls him, and wholly forgets that she is a married lady, and that her true name is Jarvis."

"Well," resumed the Captain, "it's very shocking; but the sooner she's aboard the better."

"It is just possible," hinted Light, "just barely possible that she may be refractory; in which case, may I ask for the assistance of one of your men?"

"I dont' quite like it; but we've no time to lose; and if we want a respectable turn in before the tide leaves, the sooner the job's over the better."

The boy, who had lit the lamp in the cabin prepared for the supposed lunatic, led the way on the deck.

"Well, good night, Mr. Light; you may depend on our paying every attention to our passenger."

"Thank you, sir," returned Light, shaking the hand of the Captain at the door of his cabin. "The blessing of heaven and the prayers of a grateful husband rest upon your head. But the man?"

"Williams, said the captain to the chief mate," just give this gentleman what assistance he requires, will you? and let me be called half an hour before the turn of the tide."

"Ay, ay, sir!"

Light and Williams were soon side by side on the deck. An active sailor soon descended into the boat, and placed the luggage in the vessel.

"Now, ladies," said Light, "if you please!"

"Will you not ascend, and see me comfortable on board?" asked the stout Mrs. Raggen of Lucy, in what was intended to be a most insinuating tone.

"Thank you," replied Lucy, "but I would rather remain where I am."

"Do come!" urged Mrs. Raggen—"do, there's a dear!"

"I have already said that I decline, madam," answered Lucy, a vague fear of some fresh calamity overcoming her.

"Oblige me!" again requested Mrs. Raggen.

Lucy turned sick at heart with an unknown dread.

A sailor, ordered by the chief mate, entered the boat.

"Mrs. Jarvis," continued Mrs. Raggen, make haste if you please, and let us have no bother."

"Whatever do you mean?" cried Lucy, terrified.

"I mean that you must come."

"Come along, mum!" cried the sailor.

"Why do you call me Jarvis? My name is Marsden——Marsden!"

Mrs. Raggen gave a sympathizing smile, and shook her head to the sailor.

"If there's any mistake, mum," exclaimed this latter, "the captain's aboard, and will set all right."

Williams, on the deck, seeing how matters stood, ordered a rope to be lowered through a block on the rigging, rove a slip-knot in the end, and cast it into the boat below. The powerful sailor thrust his foot into the slip-knot unseen by Lucy, and, with one hand, grasped the rope above. The other he placed around the body of Lucy.

"Haul away, mates!" he cried.

Both were thus lifted out of the boat, through the air, upon the deck of the vessel.

Lucy screamed with terror. The brawny seaman, however, used no more force than was absolutely necessary; and as soon as his unwilling charge was in safety, released her. Mrs. Raggen had simply ascended. Lucy, knowing the importance of the crisis, summoned all her coolness.

"I assure you," she said to Williams, the chief mate, "that there is some sad mistake. I have never seen this woman until to-day."

Mrs. Raggen tossed up her hands and remonstrated.

"Mrs. Jarvis!"

"My name is not Jarvis," replied Lucy; "it is Marsden—Lucy Marsden."

Mrs. Raggen winked her eyes, and shook her head.

"Is there a stewardess aboard?" asked that unworthy.

The individual named came forward, accompanied by her sister, who had sailed so far with the ship in order to bid her relative good-bye.

"I may want your assistance," whispered Raggen. "Poor thing, she is rather excited to-night."

"Pray hear me, sir!" implored Lucy of the mate, suddenly penetrating their plan. "I assure you I am not mad, although these wretches would make me appear so. I have suffered, oh! so much. I have been imprisoned, sir, in a noisome cellar, beneath the river on which we float. Wealth is mine—land is mine—oh, I pray you listen!"

"Well, hang it!" said the mate, "she talks sensibly enough."

Mrs. Raggen simulated the utmost astonishment.

"Men, don't let her move from the deck till I've spoke to the captain."

Vibrating between hope and fear, Lucy, scarcely moving a nerve, waited.

"You see," remarked Mrs. Raggen to the stewardess, "they do deceive people as ain't accustomed to 'em."

Williams had passed below, and knocked at the door of the captain's cabin.

"Hallo! Ide serving?" ejaculated the roused sleeper, who had already turned in.

"No, sir," not exactly that; but Mrs. Jarvis, sir—she seems sensible enough, sir. Don't quite know what to make of it, sir."

"Does she say her name's—what the devil was it?"

"Lucy Marsden?" suggested the mate.

"Ah! that's it! Yes; and that she's been locked up in a cellar under the Thames?"

"Well, yes; she does, sir."

"It's all delusion—every bit on't. I know, for a fact, that she's just come from Tonbridge Wells."

Knew for a fact. So poor Lucy's doom was sealed. The mate re-ascended to the deck, but turned away to avoid the appealing glance of Lucy.

"Hand her down!" he said.

The stewardess and Mrs. Raggen each seized her by the wrists in readiness to use force. But Lucy was too much overwhelmed by her great trouble to offer resistance. She suffered herself to be led to her new dungeon. The stewardess and her sister partially undressed her. Raggen, to propitiate them, presented them with the silk cloak which Lucy wore.

"All right and comfortable, I hope?" asked Light, coming forward, and popping half a sovereign into the hand of the stewardess.

"Quite comfortable, poor thing! and thank ye, sir," answered the stewardess, dropping a low courtsey.

"Any assistance you can afford Mrs. Raggen," said Light, "shall be well paid for."

The stewardess courtsied still lower than before.

"When shall you weigh, Mr. Williams?"

"In about a couple of hours, I fancy," replied the sailor, spite of all, only half fancying the money lender.

"In a couple of hours, eh? Well, poor thing! it's good of the husband to have her—very good!"

Light then descended into the boat. Longshore Dick pulled vigorously, and, the tide being with them, but a very short time had elapsed before they had reached the "World's End!"

CHAPTER XXXI.

THE BLACK DOLL—THE MYSTERIOUS FLAT BOTTLE—A STRANGE RECOGNITION—LATOUR AND ATHOL—THE LOVE SILK CLOAK—THE INITIALS "L. M."

It has already been hinted that Mr. and Mrs. Chapman (nee Minkin), on their marriage and retirement from service, went into the rag and bottle line. In this determination, it is of course needless to say every feeling of pride was sacrificed to the one desire of making money. They thought that as the business was so peculiarly unpleasant, it must therefore be remarkably lucrative. The shop they selected, situated in the High street of Granville, was double-fronted; one side being appropriated to Mr. Chapman, who presided over the weights and scales, while the other was allotted to his amiable partner, who negotiated the sale and purchase of second-hand ladies' clothing—an occupation which, as she said herself, "she took to quite natural." It must be confessed that Mr. C. was anything but comfortable in his new position. "Fond of touching the goods," he observed, "I do not so much mind, because I wear gloves, which prevents contact; but they smell horful! One can't always wear wadding up your nose; and without wadding, it's enough to knock you down. But Mrs. C., she don't mind it a bit! 'for, John,' says she, 'we're making money,' she says; 'and it'll come in useful,' she says, 'if we should have a family.'" On the very night that the Jessie Arnold was lying off in the river, Mr. Chapman—having closed his side of the shop somewhat earlier than usual, and after having cleaned and made himself comfortable—visited a tavern, from the windows of which he could distinguish the black doll, which was a sign to the passers by of the nature of the business he transacted. A mysterious little flat bottle, having been filled at his request, and a slender compliment passed to the happy-looking widow at the bar, Mr. Chapman wandered along the street, until he came to a butcher's. There, with another compliment, he invested fifteenpence in a pound and a quarter of steak, cut thick from the rump. These purchases completed, Mr. C. returned to his domicile, in anticipation of a first-rate supper. Mrs. C. was busily occupied in the parlor behind the shop, picking a recent purchase to pieces for the purpose of turning it and making it up for a customer. Something of the sweetness of the honey month lingered in Mr. C's tone, as, entering the parlor, he addressed his better half.

"You're a working yourself to death!" he commenced, taking a wine glass from the cupboard; "you're a wearing your fingers to the bone! And really, the smell o' the fat so overcomes me, that I've been obliged to go out and buy a drop of jacks; so I thought we'd just share it atween us, like."

"Well, as you have got it—not that I approve of such waste—I'll just sip the least drop in the world. Oh! Chapman!"

This exclamation was occasioned by the politeness of her husband, who had filled a wine glass with the liquid.

"I couldn't drink it, Chapman!" cried the lady, in affected horror.

"I can't pour it back without spilling on it," argued her husband.

"Well, now, don't you do it agen!" proceeded the lady, taking the glass, and disposing of the contents at a swallow.

Chapman took the glass away from his wife, and gave her an approving kiss.

"Lor', Chapman," retorted the dame; "and before I wiped my mouth! What a fool you are!"

"Do you remember," sniggered Chapman, do you remember once in Belgrave square, when Jackson nearly caught us?"

"You was always so forward," playfully remarked Mrs. C.

"And you was never back'ard," expostulated her husband, bringing out some onions from the lower part of the cupboard and commencing to peel them.

"What! inyuns again?" asked the lady.

"Jist to take the smell o' the jackey out of our mouths," explained Mr. C., proceeding with his employment. "Well, we are jolly, though often and often I wonders what's become on 'em all since Miss Marsden's death."

"I've no doubt they're all busting with envy—'specially that Jackson," returned his spouse. "That girl wasn't half good enough for her young lady. Ah! she was a good creature! Often and often has she given me a silk gown and a sovereign!"

"Which, except the gown, often has she done to me, bless her!" proceeded the gentleman, raking out the ashes underneath the grate, preparatory to certain culinary operations in contemplation.

"And to think, with all her money, she should commit suicide!" interrupted Chapman.

"Not a bit am I surprised at it!" remarked Mrs. C. "I declare, that beastly captain was enough to make a cat cut it's throat!"

"And to think the villain—for a villain he was—for the hundreds he guv to others, he never tipped the size of a sixpence to me—should have got all the mopusses, and a spending 'em like anythink!"

"Well, well!" sighed the lady; "sich is the world!"

"Life's a shadder!" remarked Chapman, eyeing the steak, and beginning to fry the onions.

"That there pore Mr. Athol, too! Didn't you hear he was going in the army?"

"Well, I did hear summut o' the sort. It was a queer set out, altogether."

"Then Mr. Latour."

"Oh! he's right enough!" declared Chapman, in a petulant manner. "That's a sweet dress you bought today!" he went on, changing the unpleasant topic; "and the lilac isn't faded a bit! Fifteen and six, wasn't it?"

"Thirteen shillings and a glass of gin!" corrected Mrs. Chapman.

"Well! exclaimed Chapman; "it was a bargain!"

"Turning and fresh trimming, it will be as good as new!" pronounced Mrs. C., turning it over.

"Well, Mrs. C., I always said you—you were a—were a——"

"Were a what?" asked the lady.

"Well, a 'onor!" replied the gentleman, not happening to hit on any other convenient word.

"We were talking of Mr. Latour."

"Mr. Chapman, you will set the chimney on fire.

"Why, Chapman! what are you about?"

"Wonderful cheap!" he replied, evasively, again referring to the dress.

"If I could only get the goods," remarked Mrs. C., "I could sell 'em as fast as look at 'em! Did you say you heard nothing about Mr. Latour?"

Mr. Chapman, quite underneath his breath, of course, uttered a something, which sounded uncommonly like swearing.

"I have not heard o' that party," he replied, laying the cloth with precision, and arranging the knives and forks with all the little *etceteras*.

"He used, I declare, Chapman—he used to frighten me to that degree——"

"I believe he was a—a—what do you call it?"

"I shouldn't be at all surprised. That prophecy of his was terrible, now wasn't it? And to think it should come true, after all!"

"Well, talk on him no more, Mrs. C. I don't mind telling you, I was a bit——" but marking off an imaginary space of about an inch—"only about so much, though, jealous o' you with Mr. Latour!"

"Lor', Chapman, why, I wouldn't a thrown a word on the critter!"

By this time the supper was nearly prepared. The onions emitted a most appetizing savor, and seemed to tenderly surround the juicy steak, which was deposited in their centre.

"Well!" coughed Chapman; "it's getting late; and while you are emptying the window, I'll whistle for the beer from over the way."

"Do that, Chapman, dear, when you're putting the shutters up. Beer's not a thing I take a quantity on; but what I has I like fresh and fresh."

Mrs. Chapman laid down her work, placed it carefully in a long drawer, and then prepared to clear her window. She had almost completed her task, when the sight of some person or something in the street caused her to scream. Not one scream, but a succession, each louder than the preceding.

"Mrs. C!—Mrs. C.!" shouted her husband, almost upsetting the table in his frantic rush to afford her help.

Chapman caught his wife, and supported her into the shop. But soothing words failed to pacify her; they raised her yells. She trembled—she kicked—she struggled—she fainted. While Chapman was thus engaged in the laudable endeavor of bringing Mrs. C. to, he heard the entrance of a third person into the shop. Chapman lifted up his eyes, dropped his wife as though she had been a sack of flour, and, with a wild cry which completely overtopped her scream, caught up a chair, and rushed into a remote corner of the room.

"Really!" exclaimed Latour—[illegible] really supposed that the chance sight of an old friend could have occasioned such alarm! I am not, it is true, in my usual garb; but surely my face must be sufficiently familiar to Mrs. Chapman for that lady to be convinced I should do her no harm!"

"Don't touch her!" cried Chapman, as he observed Latour lifting his cherished one, and about to apply a restorative which was his invariable companion. "If you do, I'll knock you down!"

"Nonsense!" smiled Latour, as Mrs. Chapman gave gradual signs of slowly-returning consciousness. "I beg of you not to fear, Mrs. Chapman. I was as surprised as you could be to recognize you here. I have merely looked in to ascertain the reason of your alarm."

"Where are you going?"

"Whither heaven chooses to lead me. I am a mere floating atom in its all-pervading breath."

"You are not well?"

"Miserable!" replied Latour. "Miserable!"

"Sit down?" asked Chapman, overcoming his fright.

"Fact is, we was only talking of you to-night, and your coming upon us so sudden, like, knocked us all of a heap."

"I have a friend outside," murmured Latour, "to whom a few minutes' rest was by no means unwelcome."

"Ask him in,"

"Well!"

"Come in!" said Chapman, it must be confessed not over willingly, when he saw the mass of rags in which the friend was clothed.

"Why, bless my soul, it's Mr. Athol!" said Mrs. Chapman, who, in the old days, had seen him more than once.

A sudden flood of hospitality banished every appearance of alarm. She insisted on their sitting down close to the fire, and sharing the rump-steak and the onions. Latour, from a feeling of unwillingness to repudiate their proffered kindness, sat down to taste their fare; but no persuasion could induce Athol to follow his example. Mrs. C. nodded to Mr. C., and that gentleman at once proceeded to put up the shutters, and order the beer.

"You're looking uncommonly well, Miss Minkin," remarked Latour.

"Mrs. Chapman," corrected that individual with a blush, "Mrs. Chapman, now," she said.

"Of course—yes!—how stupid of me!—to be sure! But you must pardon me, Mrs. Chapman, [illegible] been so distracted [illegible]

FRANK DREW. ECCENTRIC COMEDIAN. For Biographical Sketch see another column.

"I can understand—now, have some of the gravy, Mr. Latour—I can understand. Poor Miss Marsden!"

Athol shuddered, in a kind of sympathy, as her name was spoken. Mrs. C. did not renew the subject till the shop was comfortably shut up, and her worthy partner had returned with the beer in a tin can. When the three had comfortably sat down to the result of the culinary skill of the host, Mrs. C. commenced it again

"We was the Countess's servants, of course, but still we were mighty fond of Miss Lucy. Everybody said she was the aimiablest——"

Latour, looking at Mrs. Chapman, glanced warningly towards Athol. Mrs. C, hesitated.

"I beg your pardon, sir; but if you won't condescend to eat anything, won't you take a glass o' beer, or something, sir, being sorry we've got nothing better to offer you?"

Chapman rose, rubbed a glass in his old professional style, filled it with beer in a mode to put a splendid head on it, popped it on a waiter, and handed it respectfully to Clement.

The artist accepted the well-meant kindness.

"Sorry, sir—begging pardon for the liberty—but sorry to see you in such bad spirits."

TO BE CONTINUED.

OUR DRAMATIC PORTRAIT GALLERY.

FRANK NELSON DREW.

THIS eccentric Comedian was born in Dublin, Ireland, October 29th, 1831. Came to this country with his parents in 1837. He made his *debut* on the stage when only eight years of age, at the Olympic Theatre, New York, as Tommy, in the burlesque of "Mrs. Normer." He remained at the Olympic as a prodigy for three years. When only twelve years of age, Mr. Drew was taken to England, and played successful engagements in the principal theatres of London and on the continent, but he soon returned to the land of his adoption, and was engaged at the Olympic as Call Boy, and occasionally performing small parts. From the Olympic he went to the National, then to the Bowery under T. S. Hamblin's management. Leaving Old Drury he went West and halted for awhile at Buffalo. It was at this period that he gained popularity, and was engaged for the Juvenile business at Albany, where he performed the young heroes very creditably; but it was soon discovered that, like a great many others, he had mistaken his line of business. He played Eugene De Lorme and Romeo to the Margaret Elmore and Juliet of Julia Dean, and Gennaro to the Lucrezia Borgia. It was very amusing to see Mr. Drew making love to these ladies, both of whom were a head and shoulders taller than himself. With that quickness of perception and energy of resolve which has characterized his subsequent career, Frank discovered that his *forte* was low comedy, and immediately applied himself to its study. He returned to New York, where he remained a short time, at the National, endeavoring to gain a footing as a comedian; soon after he again went to Albany, where he became fully established as a "first low comedian." On the 3d of August, 1850, was married to Mrs. C. L. Stone, formerly Miss Louisa Magness. He appeared for the first time in Philadelphia at the Arch Street Theatre, under the management of W. Wheatley and J. Drew, August 20th, 1853, as Pelham Podge, in "The Widow's Victim," under the assumed name of F. D. Nelson. He remained there one season, and then took his own name of Drew. He continued at the Arch for several seasons, and was a great favorite with the *habitues* of that establishment. Leaving the Arch, he started on a short starring tour through the South and West. During the season of 1860-61, he left the stage and entered the saw-dust profession, travelling with Dan Rice, playing clown. On the opening of the Arch Street Theatre, under the management of Mrs. John Drew, for the season of 1861-62, he was engaged by that lady as a member of her company, and remained there until the spring of 1863, when he sailed for England, and made his *debut* as a star July 8th, 1863, at the Prince of Wales' Theatre, Liverpool, in the "Irish Emigrant" and the burlesque of "Mazeppa." His reception, which was a most cordial one, was of course chiefly to be attributed to the remembrance in which his brother, the late John Drew, is held by the people of Liverpool. In August, he visited Dublin, and appeared at the Queen's Theatre on the 13th, in a local drama called "The Dublin Carman," written expressly for him by John Duggan. Returned to America and landed December 10th, 1863. He performed a much wider range of characters than John—his *repertoire* was more extensive, and throughout England, Ireland and Scotland the most unequivocal success attended his efforts. He returned to Philadelphia and played a lucrative star engagement at the Arch Street Theatre. Was then engaged by Mrs. John Wood for a four weeks' star engagement at the Olympic Theatre in this city, and made his *debut* Jan. 18th, 1864, as Mazeppa, in the burlesque of that name. For three weeks he appeared in this piece, and with success. "Ill Treated Ill Trovatore" was the next burlesque he appeared in. The burlesque was a poor affair, and proved a failure. "Taming a Butterfly," with Mr. Drew as Beaujolais, was his next character. At the termination of his four weeks' engagement, Mrs. Wood secured his services for three months longer. He remained at the Olympic until May 7th, when he withdrew. Since that time he has appeared in Philadelphia, Baltimore and Washington, and has fulfilled excellent star engagements. The person of Mr. D. is happily formed for a comedian; with features beaming with good humor, he has eyes particularly expressive of mirth, and a facetiousness of disposition. He is an eccentric comedian, and a great favorite with his audience. He displays an uncommon genius, particularly in his songs, which are constantly *encored*, and into which he introduces so much novelty, with so much neatness, that we may justly set him down as one of the most whimsical and valuable of comedians.

THE TURF.

REVIEW OF THE PAST RACING SEASON.

Passaic Association at Paterson, with its inaugural "Jersey Derby," it was surpassed by the Fall Meeting both in the quality of the racing and the immense patronage it received from the public. The excellent management which has characterized this meeting, the high-toned honorable character of the gentlemen composing the association, and the admirable arrangements made for the quick and convenient transit by rail of the citizens of New York, have rendered it vastly popular with our sport-loving public. The races commenced on Tuesday, Sept. 13, and were continued over the 14th, 15th and 17th insts., the latter day being supplemental to the regular three days meeting, and devoted to the great match between Kentucky and Aldebaran.

The first race was mile heats, and brought out four starters—Eagle, Patti, Gentle Annie and Mr. Morris's Slasher colt. Eagle, from his forward position in the Jersey Derby, (where he was third, beating Kentucky in the race), was made the favorite. Patti, who run in Denis Reedy's, her new owner's, colors, was not in blooming condition, but she was, notwithstanding, strongly supported by the public. The first heat produced a most magnificent race between the favorite and Patti, the latter winning in 1.53¼. The superior condition of Eagle told in the subsequent heats, which he won easily in 1.56, 1.58. The next race was the great event of the meeting, being the Jersey St. Leger, similar to the famous Doncaster race of that name, for three year olds only; dash of two miles and a quarter. There were twenty-seven entries for this stake (which was worth $2,750), but only five came to the post; the prestige of the Derby winner, Kentucky, frightening away most of the others. The starters were Kentucky, Lexicon, Charlotte f.; the Eclipse f. out of Etiquette, and the Mahomet c. out of Prunella. The winning by Kentucky was regarded as such a certainty, that in the pool sales he was omitted, and Lexicon held the next highest position in public estimation. The favorite won easily in 4 24¼, Lexicon being second, Eclipse f. third, and Charlotte f. last. Aldebaran and Fleetwing once more came together in a two mile heat race, but the former again decisively proved his superiority, for he won in two straight heats in 3.54¾, 3.52¼.

The second day commenced with a hurdle race, which had proved so successful and popular at the Saratoga Meeting, that the managers here, despite the existence of a Legislature enactment prohibiting such sport in the State of New Jersey, were induced to adopt the example thus set them. Although there were only two starters, Denis Reedy's Zigzag, and W. H. Strong's Garibaldi, the race excited the greatest interest and enthusiasm among the spectators. It was admirably contested throughout, both horses taking the last hurdle (of which there were eight in the two miles) side by side. The superior speed of Zigzag over the flat now served him in good stead, for he won a good race by a couple of lengths in 4.15. The experiment thus tried of the introduction of hurdle racing into the regular programme of sport of this meeting having proved so successful, it will become a permanent and prominent feature of the Paterson races. The race for the Underwood Gift, dash of a single mile, was contested by Ben Bruce, Captain Moore, Copeck, Knight of St. George f, and the Eclipse c. out of Fidelity. Captain Moore's well known great speed over this, his favorite distance, caused long odds to be bet on him, and although he got off badly, he cut down his horses in fine style, and won cleverly in 1.49½. The Trial Stakes, for two year olds, brought out Baltimore, First Attempt, Lexington c. out of Miss Julia, and Mr. Hunter's two, Saratoga and La Noire. Saratoga repeated her victorious performance at the fashionable watering place after which she is named, by winning in 2.11; the Lexington c. running second, and First Attempt third. That useful son of Balrownie, Captain Moore, added another to his long string of victories, by beating Eagle in a three mile race in 6.02½; and Lurline surprised every one by beating the Evergreen Throgs neck in a mile and a quarter dash in 2.00½.

The third day introduced us again to Kentucky, who won the Sequel Stakes, a two mile race for three year olds, easily in 3.52¼, beating Lexicon and the Knight of St. George f. out of Levity. Again is Captain Moore pulled out for the Consolation Purse, a mile and a quarter dash, and he won it like a race-horse, beating Copeck (second), Ben Bruce and the Eclipse f. in 2.20. A mile heat handicap race was well contested by Copeck, Lurline, Garibaldi, and Charlotte f., and Throgsneck; Copeck winning the first heat in 1.50, and Throgsneck the second and third in 1.53¼, 1.53¾. Charlotte f. was distanced in the first heat.

The fourth or supplemental day of the meeting was given in consequence of a match being arranged between Osgood and Travers' magnificent three year old Kentucky and Mr. Watson's Aldebaran, two mile heats, for five thousand dollars. This race created a vast amount of interest, as was evidenced by the immense attendance of spectators. The performances of Kentucky at Saratoga, where he gave five pounds in weight and a good seven pound beating to such horses as Tipperary, Patti, Orion and the Eclipse gray colt, as well as the easy style in which he had just won the Sequel Stakes at this meeting, caused all the public to instal him the favorite in the betting. Mr. Watson supported his horse with spirit at the current price quoted, which was $100 to $70 on Kentucky. Aldebaran, as a four year old, carried 104 lbs., and was ridden by young Burgoyne, one of our most promising jockeys, while Kentucky, being a three year old, carried the customary weight for age, 90 lbs.; he was ridden by George Carson, a boy in Mr. Hunter's stable. In the first heat both made a waiting race of it, Kentucky at last winning by a length in 3.47; the last mile being run in 1.49. The second heat produced a superb race, being contested every foot of the way; Kentucky, however, stalled off the repeated challenges of his opponent, and eventually won, full of running, amid tremendous excitement, by two lengths in 3.40½. A handicap race, mile heats, produced a capital contest between Throgsneck, 107 lbs.; Aerolite, 90 lbs.; Copeck, 87 lbs.; Garibaldi, 90 lbs.; and Knight of St. George f. 80 lbs. The latter won the first heat in 1.52½; the two next and the race were won by Throganeck (who did not go for the first heat), in 1.47, 1.49. Aerolite was sold after the race to go to St. John, New Brunswick, where she has since run and won several races under protest, having been entered as a three year old, when in reality she was a five year old. This terminated one of the pleasantest and most successful meetings ever held in the North.

NEW YORK CLIPPER.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 21, 1865.

To Correspondents.

QUAKER, Newark, Ohio.—"Eight persons are throwing for a turkey; they throw with five dice, the game called poker or pairs. A throws four fours; an outsider offers to bet that four fours wins the turkey. A is tied by two, all three of them throwing four fours; they throw off their tie, and A throws five fives. Now the question is, does four fours or five fives win the turkey. One of your contemporaries decides that five fives win the turkey, and that the outsider loses his bet; but says had there not been a better throw than four fours made in throwing off, A would have won. Now I contend if five fives won in throwing off, four trays or four deuces would have won, also, if there had been no higher number thrown. I contend that when the three threw four fours that those three had won the turkey, and they merely threw off to see which one should have the share of the other two. Had they been disposed could they not have divided the turkey irrespective of the other five? Please decide."..... Your view of the situation is the correct one, and our contemporary is wrong. When the parties interested had each had a throw, the prize became the property of those who had thrown four fours; it was won by four fours; and the three gentlemen who threw these four fours, each became owner of a third of the turkey; the throwing off was another matter altogether, with which the outside bet had nothing to do, for that was already decided.

D. L. MOTT.—"Is there a recorded race of a man running a mile in less time than four minutes and ten seconds, or four minutes and fifteen seconds. If so, please name the man and time?"..... There is—Bill Lang, did on the 30th of October, 1863, run one mile in 4 minutes 2 seconds, on the following conditions: It was a match against Time, in which the backer of Time laid £50 to £25 that Lang did not run one mile inside of 4:15, and came off at Newmarket, Eng., the ground being level for the first half mile, but towards the close, down hill—he ran the first quarter in 55 seconds, the second in 59 seconds, the third in 62 seconds, and the whole in 4 minutes 2 secs.

J. B. H., Washington, D. C.—"1. What is the distance from South Ferry to 14th street? 2. On what occasion was the City Hall, N. Y., burnt?".....1. 2¼ miles. 2. The occasion was the celebration of the successful laying of the Atlantic Telegraph, although the fire did not take place until some time after the day officially appointed; the fireworks at the City Hall having been postponed in consequence of the rain on the evening of the day in question. The upper part of the building sustained the principal part of the damage.

J. T. T., Western Reserve College, Hudson, O.—1. The highest run at billiards has been claimed by so many persons, and under such different circumstances, that it is hard to say which is the highest run ever made. 2. We have no recollection of the name of Gaylord in connection with a run of 3309. If you could give us about the date of its accomplishment, we would endeavor to answer you more definitely.

FORTY-FIVES.—"Four persons are playing forty-fives, rob ace, hearts trumps. The dealer won the first trick, and led a spade for the second, on which the second player laid the six of hearts, the third a spade, and the 4th the deuce of hearts to save his court cards. The question is, was the 4th player right in playing a low heart when he did not win the trick?".....Certainly, he was right. A player has the right to trump any trick.

READER, St. Paul, Minn.—1. Dudley Kavanagh scored 203 in the June Tournament of 1863. 2. Deery's 315 at the same gathering is the best authentic run at caroms. The highest run at the full game has been claimed by so many that we cannot decide "who's which." 3. Not having seen both gentlemen play that you mention, we are unable to give an opinion.

H. W. B., East Boston.—1. The play of "Ten Nights in a Bar Room" is in MSS. and was the property of the late W. W. Pratt. 2. R. E. J. Miles makes Covington, Ky., his "abiding place" when not engaged. 3. We are not advised of his future movements. 4. He is considered good, but not the best in the business.

A. G. H., Providence, R. I.—"A and B are shaking dice; A bets that B cannot shake and beat 15 in five minutes. B commences to shake, and in *two* minutes gets 17. Who wins?".....B wins, of course; he was allowed five minutes—if he beat 15 *within* that time, he wins. We see no cause for dispute on such a point.

E. C. T.—"All's well that ends well." We think you have been a little over sensitive at some remarks made by a correspondent, not by us. Like many others, you seem to have overlooked all the *good* things we have said concerning the profession, and taken a broad view of such matters as are not all commendation.

A. B., Taunton.—The party who makes, orders up, or takes up the trump, can go alone, and he only. B had no right to play alone; in taking three tricks, and euchreing A, he is entitled to two points for the euchre only.

MONUMENT, Baltimore.—John Wilkes Booth has temporarily retired from the stage, and is at present engaged in sinking oil wells in Pennsylvania. So says report, but for the truth of it we cannot vouch.

C. B., Chicago.—To cure the mange, rub the dog well with a mixture of flour of sulphur 4 oz., whale oil 1 pint, spirits of turpentine ¼ pint. Rub him three times a day with it, and give him plenty of clean straw.

GEO. W. LAWSON, Cazenovia.—Your first subscription of one dollar expired with No. 26 of the present volume. Your second subscription of one dollar was received and commenced with No. 40, and expires with No. 49 of the present volume.

M. A. C, Baltimore.—1. Maggie was born in this city. 2. She is not married. 3. Probably before the season closes. 4. Burnt cork is the only preparation used by minstrels, and is easily removed by soap and water.

P. G. H., Nashville, Tenn.—Louis H. F. D'Aguiar is the Brazilian Consul General, and F. Defiganiere, Vice Consul. Their address is No. 36 Platt street, N. Y.

PAUL.—The Jennie Parker at present performing at the Academy of Music, Albany, is the same lady whose portrait and biography appeared a short time since in the CLIPPER.

C. T. M., Baltimore.—1. Mr. Clarke will probably play an engagement at the Holliday, shortly. 2. See our dramatic summary for the lady's whereabouts. 3. Not married.

D. W., St. Clair, Pa.—We do not have the work for sale. The agents in this country are Willmer & Co., Nassau and Liberty streets, New York, to whom send your order.

PRISONER, Wheeling, Va.—By refering to late numbers of the CLIPPER you will find the advertisement of a party who promised to erase India ink marks.

J. H., Exeter, N. H.—Your last, bearing date Jan. 9th, *did* reach us too late for our last issue. We go to press on Monday evening of each week.

PATERSON, Jersey City.—The rules of pin pool give no such privilege. If a player makes a shot and misses, it must go as such. There is no forfeiture for a miss, however.

J. S. BERRY, Cairo.—Mr. Morse, our own engraver, can get you up a good portrait. You will find his advertisement in another column.

CHAS. ELLIOTT, Philadelphia.—We have not got any CLIPPERS of numbers 39 and 40, vol. 11. Cannot tell you who could furnish you with them.

ST. CLAIR.—Owney Geoghegan, who kept a saloon on the corner of 22d street and Third Avenue, is the same man who fought and defeated Con Orem.

J. H. T., Nedalia, Minn.—Lucille and Helen Western were born in New Orleans; Lucille Jan. 8th, 1843, and Helen two years afterwards.

COLEMAN POPE.—Harry Macarthy died near Atlanta, Geo., during the last week in February, 1864. We did not receive the particulars of his death.

NEWFOUNDLAND.—1. Is not married. 2. Is past 32 years of age. 3. Miss Richings is the daughter, and not the wife of Peter Richings.

TWO SUBSCRIBERS, New York.—The best trotting time ever made is Flora Temple's mile in 2:19¾, and the best running time is Saunterer's mile in 1:40⅝.

H. H. M., Harrisburg.—1. Jackson Haines is in Europe, so he will not be able to enter. 2. There is no regular champion belt for skating.

CHECKERS.—We have no record to which we can refer; if the gentleman brings the proof, which we have no doubt he can do, he wins the wager.

SAM AND FRED.—1. Two points only can be scored for the eucnré. 2. A march is made when two partners secure all the tricks.

STANDARD SHADES.—See answer to D. L. Mott. The best *level* mile time is 4:20½.

PHILLIP.—B wins. A must make his claim before B throws up his cards.

E. V., Shirley Village.—1. Too late for outside this week. 2. For three months as it stands, $8.75.

FRANKFORT.—We are unacquainted with the rates charged by the "Falls pilots."

READER, Canton, O.—John C. Heenan was born in West Troy, N. Y.

J. H. H., Titusville, Pa.—The V received and credited. The alteration shall be made.

W. W. L, Elmira.—Money received. Never mind the trifling balance.

FERRY STREET.—The non-dealer scores the point for game when there is a tie.

BUY BLAS.—Mr. James Conner has been in the agency business since Feb. 1st, 1861.

J. C. B.—"Is running a mile down hill considered a fair test of running a mile?".....No.

HENRICO, Baltimore.—We already had a report of amusements in your city.

F. W. F.—Send the letter to this office and we will advertise it for the lady.

G. A. S.—Have no fear; your good nature, it seems to us, has induced the party to impose upon you.

LOCH HAVEN.—It should be decided before commencing the game.

A. AND B., Woonsocket.—Lincoln's majority over McClellan in Pennsylvania was 20,081.

J. McC., Boston.—A deposit should have accompanied the challenge.

J. J. R., Newport.—We have no time to spare for such purposes. Perhaps some of our advertisers can accommodate you.

JAMES CUSICK.—We have a letter for you.

T. Taunton.—See answer to A. B.

JOE, Columbus.—All right, Joe.

B. COPPE.—Your better plan would be to consult a lawyer.

P. P.—You can purchase it in Wilmington.

W. K. M, Cohocksink.—The Jack is scored.

JACK PERCY.—Accepted.

RAT INDEMNITY.—A rat catcher at Sheffield, Eng., put in a heavy claim for indemnification by the commissioners, because the rats he used to catch were all drowned in the great inundation!

That's about on a par with some of the claims made against New York on account of alleged losses from the riots!

RECREATION FOR THE YOUNG.

NO ONE who has made note of the influences which have a tendency to assist in the formation of character, can have failed to perceive how important it is to provide for the proper recreation of the young. Moralists of the sterner sort are very frequently guilty of condemning any pastime that evokes mirth, and all amusements that promote exuberance of spirits and exhilaration of the frame, while others as frequently give no thought to the subject at all. Among the more intelligent portion of the community, however, proper pastimes find approval, because they recognize the truth that they are absolutely indispensable to mental and physical health. The moral and physical well being of our youth of both sexes is too frequently injured, if not ruined, because proper time and means are not afforded them for enjoyment—through their parents or guardians being far too anxious that they should be crowded on in their race for knowledge, too often under the greatest of difficulties. It is too true, also, that the stern force of circumstances makes it a necessity for the young to earn their daily bread at a too early age. Both of these causes, in thousands of instances, make young men and young women look old before they have arrived even to the age of maturity. A remedy for these, would be, in our opinion, for our wealty citizens and legislators to make greater efforts to provide for the recreative wants of society; to see to it that proper places for in and out of door physical exercises and institutes where poetry, painting, music, the drama, etc., are furnished, and placed within the reach of all. These efforts, too, should be systematized, and not left, as is too often the case, to individual enterprise or munificence. One Cooper Institute, or a Central Park where the young are constantly warned to keep off the grass, is not sufficient for a large city like New York, and its character would not be injured in the least, nor its prosperity retarded if some of its squandered wealth were used in filling up these deficiencies, instead of spending it, as has been done heretofore, in feasting Japanese Ambassadors and European Princes. There is no reason for associating everything that savors of fun and amusement with vice; on the contrary, instead of eschewing them through fear of evil consequences, they should be controlled, and that which is evil expunged. While the "unco' gude" hold aloof and condemn, they need not expect that the morals of the city will improve; but let them rather join in an effort to elevate amusements, and they will have no occasion to regret the sequel. This subject is an important one, and we hope that it will get more attention at the hands of those in authority and those possessed of wealth, for the young, and especially the poor young, must have amusement, and unless that which is proper is provided, they will very likely be fascinated by that which is improper. Let the remedy be provided, for, be the first cost what it may, it will be found to be a cheap bargain and welcome boon to the rising generation.

THE LATEST FOLLY.

It appears by some of the London papers that Mace, who was matched to meet Coburn in Ireland, but who did not go near the ground selected, proposes to visit this country to make a match to fight Coburn in Canada for a fabulous sum—whether in gold or greenbacks, is not stated—of which fabulous sum the equally fabulous amount of 25*l* ($125), is said to have been forwarded to this city as a first installment. We have not the slightest idea that a match is intended—we presume that Mace is desirous of visiting America for the real purpose of giving a series of exhibitions of the science of manual defence, of which Jem is certainly a talented exponent; the talk of a match with Coburn is merely for the purpose of creating some little interest in the matter of Mace's sparring entertainments. It is not likely that Mace cares to fight in this country, when he refused to go to the Ring in Ireland to fight Coburn. Heenan's treatment at Farnborough is not forgotten here, and any attempt to get up an international match in America would but tend to renew the bitterness of feeling which that affair occasioned, and probably [illegible] we advise Mace to remain where he is; or, if he comes, let his mission be a peaceful one; which, as we before remarked, it probably will be, for our opinion is that the talk of a match is merely a blind. Concerning the proposed visit, the *Sporting Life* of Dec. 31 has the following:

"Mace, it will be remembered, left in our hands the sum of £25, to be forwarded to America in acceptance of Coburn's challenge to fight in Canada for £2000, with an allowance of £300 to the Englishman for expenses. As we were merely acting as agents for Mace, we desired him to wait upon us and give a written authority for the transmission of the money, which, from certain proceedings and the condition of monetary affairs in America, we considered expedient. Mace called on the 29th ult., stating that he had to leave to fulfill an engagement in the provinces, and could not keep the appointment with us for Friday at noon. However, he handed us a document authorizing us to forward all moneys entirely at his risk, and we have therefore duly sent a letter of credit on Messrs. Duncan, Sherman & Co., of New York, for £25. In the letter which accompanies it we have stated *that we do not identify ourselves in any shape with the match*, beyond consenting, at Mace's solicitation, to forward deposits; at the same time, we have stated that, *as far as we can judge*, Jem means fighting Coburn, and does not doubt that Americans will afford an Englishman a fair field and no favor. Mace is, it seems, determined to make hay while the sun shines, and states that either Wormald or Marsden, whichever wins next week, will have to fight him for the championship, and that he shall put down a deposit for that purpose immediately the battle is decided."

From that portion we have italicised, it would appear that even that journal doubts that match-making is intended. In fact, its language is so guarded that we believe the paper is fully advised of what the *real* purpose of Jem's proposed visit is—a sparring tour and nothing more.

Bell's Life very properly looks upon the whole thing as a farce, unworthy of notice, and therefore passes it over in silence.

The *Ill. Sporting News* says:

"A deposit of £25 has been forwarded to New York through the office of a contemporary, for the acceptance of Joe Coburn's challenge to fight Mace in Canada for £1,000 a side, Coburn allowing Mace £300 for his travelling and training expenses. In the NEW YORK CLIPPER, some doubts are expressed as to Mace's carrying out his proposed visit to America."

NEWS! NEWS!—We think it was a prejudiced "furriner" who once asked "*who* ever reads an American book?" Whether or not our books are read, we leave those interested to answer: but certain it is that everybody reads American newspapers. You will find them "all the year round" "all the world over." American papers go everywhere, even to the army-bound regions of Dixie; they go from "pole to pole;" and reach even the interior of Africa. In fact, the American newspaper trade, large as it has been, is steadily on the increase, and that, too, notwithstanding the high price of white paper, etc., which, of course, makes necessary an increase in the scale of prices. The newspaper trade of this city alone is enormous. Ten years ago the whole amount of business done by the wholesale news-agents did not probably exceed in amount the sum of $750,000 yearly. At present the cash receipts of the American News Company in this city for the sale of newspapers, magazines, books and stationery, for the eleven months ending with the 31st of December last, have reached the sum of $2,226,372 83. We learn from the office of that company that probably forty millions of newspapers were handled within that time by persons in the employ of the company, of whom seventy were constantly occupied in getting them in, charging, distributing and shipping them. For wrapping paper and twine with which to pack this enormous mass the company paid twelve thousand dollars. This is the business of one news agency alone. Who says we are not a reading people?

ABOUT A DEAD MAN.—The following uncalled-for notice we find in the *Utica Herald* of the 10th:

Lazarus, the defunct prize fighter, was buried Friday with great pomp, over 4,000 persons passing around the coffin to look at the body. Joe Coburn and other pugilists were in the procession. The body was interred in Greenwood. Shame, that the American Metropolis thus recognizes the ring!

Charity, good Christian friend; for Heaven's sake a little Charity! Don't, for Mercy's sake, follow the man into the grave!

POLITICAL ECONOMY ILLUSTRATED.—The late discharge of his Butler by the Chief Executive.

SKATING.—We have had a grand time on the ice, so far, this season, and everybody is "on it." Big and little, old and young, men and women, boys and girls—all enter into the healthful and fascinating sport of skating, "regardless of expense," or "knocks-down." The Central Park presented a gay appearance on Sunday last, with its thousands of skaters whirling along on the frozen lake; girls laughing and chatting; boys "falling" each other down; young ladies expressing by their looks what they dare not say in words, and "young fellers" listening to them as if their future existence depended on hearing what was never said; those of mature years looked on with admiration, wished they were young again, but skated along as happy as any of them. Big thing on ice, most truly. "*Let* us be gay," etc., and "live while we live."

EXCITING TALES.—The extensive publishing house of T. B. Peterson & Brothers, 306 Chestnut street, Philadelphia, has just issued a couple of exciting works, just suitable for these times. One is the "Life and Adventures of Tom Bowling," by Captain Chamier, R. N., author of "Jack Adams," &c.; a simon pure Sea Tale, full of excitement and breathless suspense, with plain covers, as well as in illuminated military covers in five colors. Price 75 cents. The other is called "Pictorial Life and Adventures of Jack Adams; The Pirate and Mutineer." In illuminated military cover, in five colors. Price 75 cents.

SECRETS.—We have our State secrets, our United States secrets, and our war secrets, but T. B. Peterson & Brothers, of Philadelphia, have just given us an insight into "Family Secrets," a most interesting work by the author of "Pique," which has been so widely read in this country. It opens the back door of human nature, and shows us some views of life which those not in the circle have heretofore had no idea of. It is a book worth reading, and may be had in paper covers for $1,50. It is published by the above firm at No. 306 Chestnut street.

THE LATE JAMES W. WALLACK.

FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

THE recent death of the senior J. W. Wallack is suggestive, as, reminding us of the living man, it also brings before us two widely separated eras of the drama in America. The writer of this article will make no apology for interweaving with some observations relative to the two phases of the stage in America, with which Mr. Wallack was connected, the most prominent points of his existence. James William Wallack was born in the London district of Lambeth, in the month of August, 1794—his parents being poor. His father was occupied as a butcher in a small way, and there are many traditions, yet correct, founded on the personal experience of the dead actor's earlier contemporaries, which show him and his elder brother, Henry, and a sister or so, running about the dirty streets of their neighborhood—remarkable alike for their beauty and their mean attire. Let it be here understood, that it is not the writer's intention to cast a slur either on Mr. Wallack or his survivors, by the publication of this particular; holding, as he has ever held, that the more a man raises himself in society, the more he is to be commended. His only regret in this respect is, that the individuals so self-elevated, should forget their early condition, or remembering it, be ashamed to own it. Mr. Wallack commenced his theatrical life when quite a small boy, and after going through the round of young imps, cupids, and other parts suited to his years, emerged into the position of call boy at Drury Lane Theatre. Thence his removal to the line of utility was natural. At this period of his life, Mr. Wallack's graces of person were remarkable. Finely built, though not tall, with a truly Italian cast of features, dark eyes, black hair, and a rich complexion, he united to these good gifts a melodious voice, an aptitude to learn, and considerable natural ability. Emerging from the humble position indicated above, he was appointed to a higher one, and while the generally admired of the females, fixed the ardent and special attachment of one—a Miss Mary Johnstone, daughter of the once noted comedian known as Irish Johnstone. This lady was very handsome, and by his union with her, Mr. Wallack eventually became the possessor of £30,000, although his father-in-law had been at enmity with his daughter a long time, on account of her alleged unworthy marriage. This took place in 1817, and shortly afterwards, Mr. W. and his wife left England for the United States. At that comparatively remote date, the drama was in a very crude state in America. People were rampant for amusement, and not at all critical in their discrimination, so long as there was not an immense gap between pretence and fulfilment. Under these circumstances, an actor much less gifted than Mr. Wallack personally and mentally, was bound to make a great hit. *He* made an immense one, and coined money, as the saying goes. While in New York, in 1819, his eldest son, John Lester, was born to him. Mr. Wallack made several trips to England, where he went through his routine of characters, including the juvenile heroes of tragedy and the somewhat exaggerated principals of melo-drama. It was in the latter that Mr. Wallack was always the most acceptable to British audiences; and even now, there are thousands of persons, old play goers, in the home dominions of Queen Victoria, who have a vivid and favorable recollection of the deceased actor as Gil Blas, Mazzaroni, and kindred personations. In the intervals caught from his American engagements, Mr. Wallack became stage manager of Drury Lane Theatre, London, under Elliston, and the same, with enlarged powers, under Stephen Price, of the Park Theatre, New York. Mr. Wallack's management of his own theatre, the National, in New York, was another feature of his professional life, in 1839. This destruction of his property had a great effect on Mr. Wallack's mind. A very short time after its occurrence, he went over to England, and among several star engagements there, appeared at the Surrey, London, personating the hero of a tragedy written by Willis, as well as the melo-dramatic parts of former days—his chief lady sustainer being Mrs. Henry Vining (or Selton) the mother of Mrs. John Wood. In 1844 Mr. Wallack was at the Princess's Theatre, London. Subsequently, he returned to this country, then went back to Great Britain, and in 1851 lost his wife, and was himself seized by an illness which threatened a fatal termination. He recovered, however, and in 1852 came once more to America, where he remained to the day of his death. On the 8th of September in the year last named, he opened what was then called Brougham's Lyceum. To the renovation of this establishment (both as regards its deteriorated condition and character), it is only justice to Mr. Wallack to record, he devoted himself entirely. For a few weeks his efforts met with but a barren return; afterwards, however, the tide of fortune set in. It was with this change for the better that the first appearance in America of Miss Laura Keene was associated. Miss Keene grew to be a great favorite at Wallack's Theatre, and remained there till the following season was pretty well through. For several seasons, Mr. Wallack continued lessee of this theatre, all the while experiencing considerable success, and at different intervals appearing in his round of characters. In 1853 he made an extensive tour, commencing in Boston and proceeding as far as Richmond, Va. In 1856, there was a nominal change in the management of the theatre on the corner of Broadway and Broome streets—Mr. Stuart, now of the Winter Garden, taking the helm. Indisposition was the plea for this change; the real cause, we believe, was the dislike of Mr. Wallack to any identification with the sort of performances it was found necessary to adopt, to meet the wishes of the patrons of the house. In 1861, Mr. Wallack opened his new theatre on the corner of Broadway and Thirteenth streets, where he was very successful, although he did not take any active part in the general management. This was through the accumulation of years and illness. As it has already been reported in the CLIPPER, he died in the City of New York, on the 26th ult. From what we have recorded of the deceased actor, it will be seen that his career covered rather a wide space, and that it is peculiarly noteworthy, on this side of the water, for connecting two greatly different eras of the dramatic art here. When Mr. Wallack first came among us, a young, hopeful, handsome and clever man, the stage was in a sort of chrysalis condition. Nothing but the purely "legitimate" was thought of; but now that this same Mr. Wallack, who came to be a gray-haired elder in our midst, stricken with pain, and with no future but that dim hereafter which we all must solve, some day—now, that this veteran professional is dead, what is it we behold? Performances of a manifold form—the Drama itself showing a parti-colored front, with numerous associating forms of amusement unknown when Mr. Wallack was fresh among us. It is in acknowledgement of this variety and these changes, that we have devoted rather an unusual space to this notice of James William Wallack—a name that must ever be intimately interwoven in the history of the American Drama and contingent amusements.

COCKING.

Great Main in New York.

PHILADELPHIA AND BROOKLYN AGAINST NEW YORK.

THE greatest and most important main of the season took place in this city on Wednesday evening, the 11th inst. It was between Brooklyn and Philadelphia combined, against New York, the former being represented by Messrs. Haskell & Brummy, and the latter by J. Mulholland. The management of the familiar old Bowery pit is now in the hands of Ned Mackey, the well known clever patron of this sport, and under his direction will doubtless attain a higher degree of popularity than it enjoyed even in its palmiest days. The conditions of the main were to show seventeen cocks each (of which thirteen fell in), $100 a battle, and $1000 the odd battle, the main to be fought under the New York rules. The place was crowded to suffocation, the tariff being fixed at $3 a head, and considerably upwards of two hundred lovers of the sport paid that price for admission. The betting was very heavy, the odds ranging about $100 to $80 on New York winning the main, the skill of John Mullholland as a feeder and handler causing him to be the favorite in the betting. The first battle was between light weights, a black red belonging to Philadelphia, and a New York pile, 4 lbs. each, which was won by the former. Philadelphia also won the second fight for heavy weights, 5 lbs. 8 oz., with a brass back, cutting down the blue red New Yorker. The confederacy were now in strong favor, having won the two first fights, but a change came over the face of affairs. Mulholland won the third fight, 4 lbs. 11 oz.—both being black reds. The fourth fight was between 4 lbs. 15 oz. fowls—the New Yorker being a black grey, and the Quaker City bird a black red. It was a slashing fight—Mulholland again winning. The fifth fight introduced to us a black red for New York, and a Philadelphia pile—the latter being victorious over the Empire City representative. The sixth fight, 4 lbs. 13 oz., was a most exciting one; the New York bird, although cut down early, and so hopelessly that 25 to 1 was repeatedly offered and taken—winning at last by sheer game, Mulholland "counting out" his opponent. The seventh, 5 lbs. 2 oz., was another triumph for the New York black gray—cutting down the Confederate black red. The eighth, 5 lbs. 2 oz., was fought by black reds, and won by New York. The ninth fight, at 4 lbs. 8 oz., was also between black reds on each side—Mulholland again triumphant. The tenth fight was at 4 lbs. 15 oz.,—the New York fowl being the same black gray that had won the fourth battle. He was evidently no worse for his previous exertions, as, although his opponent was a brassback, very game, and a good fighter, he cut him down without a scratch—thus winning the seven battles, which decided the main. The remaining fights were proceeded with—Philadelphia, with a 4 lbs. 10 oz. black red, beating a New York spangle in the eleventh fight. In the twelfth, a New York 4 lb. 11 oz. pile beat a 4 lb. 12 oz. Confederate brassback, although the former had its wing broken at the second fly. The thirteenth and final fight was between a New York 5 lbs. 2 oz. black red and a 5 lb. 1 oz. pile belonging to the Confederacy, and was won by the latter after a clipping contest. John Mulholland is ready to make a main, for any amount, with any person in the country, the fight to come off in New York.

BALL PLAY.

BROOKLYN VS. NEW YORK ON ICE.
ATLANTIC VS. *GOTHAM*.
THE CHAMPIONS THE VICTORS.
OPENING GAME OF THE SEASON OF 1865.

Novelty is the order of the day in the metropolis during the winter season, as it is, in fact, all the year round. Whatever is new takes with the great masses of the inhabitants of our American London. Since the skating *furore* has commenced, every thing that could be done on ice has been popular. Carnivals introduced all the paraphernalia of masquerades and fancy dress entertainments on the skating ponds, and now ball matches on ice have become the regular thing to do among the ball playing fraternity. The first game of ball played on skates took place in 1861 between the Atlantic and Charter Oak clubs of Brooklyn, some eight or ten thousand people being present. The second was played in 1863 between the Atlantic club and nine of the Charter Oak and Star clubs. The third contest on ice took place on Thursday, Jan. 19th, on the Capitoline Skating Lake, Bedford, Brooklyn, the contestants being the champion nine of the Atlantic

BILLIARDS.

Academy of Music.

GRAND
BILLIARD CONTEST
for the
CHAMPIONSHIP OF AMERICA,
between
DUDLEY KAVANAGH
and
WILLIAM GOLDTHWAIT,
ON FRIDAY EVENING, JANUARY 20th, 1865.
ADMISSION ONE DOLLAR.
DOORS OPEN AT 6½ O'CLOCK.
To commence at 7½ o'clock. 41-1t*

GRAND BILLIARD TOURNAMENT IN PHILADELPHIA.

THE Pennsylvania Billiard Congress held their second tournament on Saturday afternoon and evening, the 14th inst., at the Sansom Street Music Hall, Philadelphia. The first tournament of the Congress held at the same place in October last, was for the purpose of deciding by a practical test who among the billiard professionals of the Keystone State was best entitled to the possession of the title of Champion, and the emblematic "Golden Cue." The object of the second tournament was of a nobler character, being in the cause of that greatest of the cardinal virtues, CHARITY. It was designed to assist in the realizing of a fund in aid of the widow of the late well-known professional, Mr. Joseph White, of this city, who, it will be remembered, lost his life in consequence of being run over by a stage in Broadway near the Museum, a little over two years ago, leaving his family unprotected and totally unprovided for. Through the exertions of Mr. Phelan and some others, a billiard tournament, the proceeds being devoted to alleviate the distressed and destitute condition of his widow and the numerous young family dependent on her, was given in this city, at Irving Hall, at which nearly all the leading professional artists in the country assisted, and a sum of about $800 was realised, and handed over to Mrs. White. Through a concurrence of unfortunate circumstances, misfortune and the enhanced cost of living, in consequence of the war, the little fund thus raised became exhausted, and the widow was reduced to a state of distress and poverty. About three weeks ago a lady called at the CLIPPER office and represented to us the circumstances in which she was placed, and informed us that had it not been for the generous kindness of Mr. Michael Phelan, who had forwarded her a donation of $50, on learning her necessities, she would have been turned out of the house in which she resided, by the landlord, for non-payment of rent. We at once made an appeal to the sympathies of the billiard profession on her behalf, and subscription lists were forwarded by Messrs. Phelan and Collender to the leading members of the profession with the same view. Philadelphia promptly responded to the appeal, for at a meeting of the members of the Billiard Congress it was resolved to hold a tournament, the entire proceeds of which should be given to the fund. Mr. Matheys, the proprietor of the Sansom Street Hall, on being applied to by the committee for the purpose of engaging the hall, generously placed it at their service free of cost, expressing his sympathy with the work of charity in which they were engaged. The members of the Congress who interested themselves in this affair were Messrs. Estephe, Nelmes, Ryall, Palmer, Hewes, Montgomery, and Plunkett; Mr. Chris. Bird, unable from private causes to take an active part, evinced his willingness to aid the good work by generously devoting the entire receipts for one day of his billiard rooms (amounting to over $50) to the same object. The number of tickets issued was limited to the capacity of the hall, and a great number additional could readily have been disposed of; as it was, the hall was filled to overflowing by a highly respectable audience, comprising a great number of the most prominent citizens of Philadelphia.

The afternoon proceedings commenced at 2 o'clock, P. M., with a match between Messrs. Ryall and Plunkett; 500 points up, caroms (as was the game in each case), on a second size Phelan and Collender Carom table. These two were old opponents, having played together in the State tournament, when Ryall (through a mistake of the marker), was declared the victor *by one point only;* he has since contended, although unsuccessfully, with Victor Estephe for the champion cue. Ryall took the lead at first, and was 18 ahead on the first hundred, but Plunkett playing with admirable skill and judgement, soon deprived him of the lead, and maintained it throughout the game. He led 57 on the second hundred, 60 on the third, 69 on the fourth, and finally won the game by 80 points; scoring 500 to Ryall's 420. We give the scores:

PLUNKETT 8, 0, 3, 4, 17, 16, 24, 17, 19, 9, 15, 17, 24, 14, 8, 0, 13, 7, 3, 2, 0, 3, 0, 15, 6, 15, 11, 0, 13, 18, 5, 14, 31, 4, 0, 31, 2, 13, 5, 22, 0, 0, 43, 24, 5—Total, 500.

RYALL 0, 7, 3, 24, 0, 15, 54, 5, 9, 4, 5, 0, 2, 6, 9, 0, 0, 19, 9, 8, 10, 4, 0, 10, 24, 2, 3, 0, 8, 2, 34, 2, 6, 7, 7, 8, 25, 5, 0, 21, 18, 0, 4, 41—Total, 420.

Winner's average 11-5, and highest run 43. Time, 1 hour and 20 min. Referee, Mr. Phelan.

The second game was between Messrs. Nelms and Montgomery; the latter an aspirant for the State Championship, having challenged Victor Estephe for the title, the match for which comes off on the 21st prox. Mr. Nelms took a decided lead from the start, playing with a brilliancy of execution and precision that elicited expressions of applause from the spectators. His opponent, on the contrary, seemed nervous, and did not play with the same fine ability which he showed in the previous tournament. Nelms turned the first hundred 48 points ahead; the second 132 points; the third 184 points; the fourth 268 points, and won the game by 291 points. His average was 18½, being the largest ever made in any match where the "push shot" was prohibited, and beating Estephe's hitherto unequalled average of 17-14 in his game with Dudley Kavanagh at the last tournament:

NELMS 2, 0, 34, 0, 51, 6, 86, 37, 16, 8, 7, 5, 15, 9, 9, 0, 0, 11, 12, 0, 62, 18, 0, 1, 28, 30, 16—Total, 500.

MONTGOMERY 0, 13, 29, 0, 0, 10, 0, 16, 3, 48, 0, 7, 2, 11, 20, 0, 5, 2, 0, 4, 22, 2, 0, 5, 7, 0, 3—Total 209.

Winner's average 18-14; Innings 27. Winner's highest run 86; time, 1 hour, 4 min. Referee, Mr. Ryall.

In the evening the hall was densely crowded with the votaries of the game to witness the match between the State Champion, Victor Estephe, and Mr. Phelan, of New York, (who for so many years held the billiard sceptre of America, until he retired from the arena to make way for younger aspirants), who had volunteered his services on the occasion. Of course this match was the great feature of the tournament, the passage-at-arms between these two renowned "Knights of the Cue" being regarded with especial interest by the billiard cognoscenti, who viewed it with close and critical interest. The play on both sides was magnificent, and extorted the admiration of billiard professionals and amateurs alike. The representative of New York billiards seemed to put forth all his acknowledged strength, and unrivalled powers of execution, skill and judgment. He seemed more desirous of displaying the inexhaustible beauties of the game, of which the spectator had never dreamt or supposed it susceptible of, than to obtain a victory over his opponent. Shots easy of execution he passed over, attempting, and with almost uniform success, those most difficult of achievement, and of seeming impossibility; his six cushion shots being brilliant in the extreme. We never before saw the veteran play with such consummate skill as in this game, which, from the "push shot" being prohibited, was so well calculated to illustrate the beauties of genuine legitimate billiards. He commenced scoring rapidly from the start, and assuming a strong lead, turned the first hundred points 41 ahead; the second 92; the third 63; and the fourth 101. On the last string Estephe played with surpassing brilliancy, electrifying the assemblage with his superb execution of the *masse* and other very difficult shots where scoring seemed an impossibility. On the 21st innings the score stood—Phelan 410, Estephe 312, and the success of the former seemed assured. By magnificent play, Estephe made successive runs of 24, 65 and 24, and the scores became equal on the 25th innings—437 each. A hairbreadth miss on the part of Mr. Phelan let in the State Champion, and he run up his score to 472. The veteran, after scoring 21, again made coincidence, his average, 18½, precisely equalled that of Mr. Nelmes in the preceding game, and which is now the highest on record at this game. The winner was warmly congratulated on his victory by his friends and fellow citizens, and by none more heartily than his opponent.

ESTEPHE—0, 5, 23, 22, 9, 0, 7, 20, 22, 5, 18, 48, 0, 5, 53, 23, 0, 6, 27, 6, 13, 12, 24, 65, 24, 35, 28—total, 500.

PHELAN—0, 14, 6, 44, 0, 42, 47, 10, 0, 54, 38, 4, 4, 5, 29, 19, 0, 6, 55, 0, 33, 0, 15, 0, 12, 0, 21—total, 458.

Winner's average, 18-14. Innings 27 each. Winner's highest run, 65. Time, 1 hour 28min. Referee, Mr. E. H. Nelms.

The concluding game of the evening was between Messrs. Palmer and Hewes; the former an amateur. Mr. Palmer is a very excellent player, possessing unusual good judgment and rare powers of execution. He took a commanding lead, and turned the first hundred 75 points ahead; the second, 140; the third, 224; the fourth, 223, and when game was called the score stood—Palmer, 500, Hewes, 261; thus winning by 239 points. The winner made the highest run of the tournament, viz., 95. We give the scores:

PALMER—0, 0, 0, 16, 6, 2, 2, 11, 5, 48, 2, 5, 7, 0, 3, 0, 3, 95, 13, 0, 31, 27, 16, 0, 26, 15, 2, 4, 0, 2, 20, 2, 7, 0, 1, 0, 0, 15, 0, 0, 17, 15, 11, 0, 5, 18, 28, 3, 0, 0, 0, 11, 3—total, 500.

HEWES—0, 0, 0, 3, 0, 4, 3, 2, 12, 4, 0, 3, 4, 0, 14, 7, 0, 4, 3, 0, 5, 2, 0, 3, 3, 2, 0, 8, 28, 11, 0, 7, 0, 0, 5, 40, 9, 11, 5, 2, 3, 12, 0, 3, 0, 9, 0, 4, 0, 13, 28, 0, 15—total, 261.

Winner's average, 9-23; highest run, 95. Innings, 53. Time, 1 hour 30min. Referee, Mr. E. H. Nelms.

Thus terminated the tournament, which proved highly successful, as far as the management and character of the playing was concerned, and we are assured it will prove equally so as to its pecuniary results, on which point we are yet without information. The table and balls played with were provided free of expense by Mr. Taylor, of Philadelphia, who has manifested a warm interest in the affair and its successful realization. We desire to acknowledge, on the part of the players and ourselves, the courtesies extended by Mr. Matheys, the proprietor of the hall, and who had manifested his sympathy by tendering the hall gratuitously. We have not heard of the New York professionals taking any steps to assist in the charitable work so nobly co-operated in by their *confreres* in Philadelphia, but for their own honor and the fair fame of the city, we feel certain they will not be idle in the cause. As Mr. Phelan has given his services to the tournament in the City of Brotherly Love, and has always been ready in any work of benevolence, we may fairly expect that he will not be backward in lending his exertions in his own city to subserve the same praiseworthy design. In our next we hope to write of some initiatory movement being made by the billiard professionals of the Empire City.

A BILLIARD PLAYER DEFENDED.—In a recent issue of the CLIPPER there was an allusion to Mr. Chris. Bird's declination to take part in the tournament for the benefit of the widow and children of the late Joseph White, in response to which we have received the following from one who appears to be in Mr. Bird's confidence. He says:—

"It seems to lie very heavily on the minds of Messrs. Estep[illegible] Nelms & Co., that Mr. C. Bird did not tender his services in regard to the White Testimonial. They even insinuate that it was because he was *afraid* of being beat.' *That is the entire* a base fabrication. The *real* reason is Mr. Cevoto[illegible] by realizing reasons of his own for not wishing to play[illegible] fight, the[illegible] not to be behind others in a noble work, [illegible] Phelan's receipts of Wednesday, 12th inst. giving one of the Championship, the sum of $50.80 per[illegible] As regards the Champion subscription paper, the Champion when he feels so disposed, he will [illegible] some of their minds at ease, [illegible] years. Hoping this will set some of their minds at ease, [illegible] years.

Of course the CLIPPER disclaims any intention of giving [illegible] by Veritas to Mr. Bird in publishing the matter referred to, as we thought it strange that Mr. Bird's name was not among the volunteers, and even now there can have to refuse to aid what private reason a public he cannot tell how soon a testimonial such a benefit, especially as the matter might be welcome to him or his family, manifested on the 12th inst., is deserving of a similar Mr. Bird's answer, and we doubt not that the sum realized will be gratefully received and acknowledged by the widow and the fatherless.

THE BILLIARD MATCH FOR THE CHAMPIONSHIP OF AMERICA, between the present incumbent, Dudley Kavanagh, and Wm. Goldthwait, the Meteor of the East, has at length been definitely fixed to come off at the Academy of Music, in this city, on Friday, 20th inst., on the same terms as former matches for the Championship. Both players have been so frequently introduced to CLIPPER readers, that to say aught in regard to their skill with the cue at this time would be superfluous. Skilful play by both may, however, be confidently looked for, and were it not for the many postponements of the affair, and the bad management that has been exhibited, we should look for a full house at the Academy on the evening in question.

A BILLIARD MATCH for $100 a side was played at Boston on January 13th, between Mr. John Peck and Mr. Elisha Goodwin, the former playing the carom game and the latter the full game, the table being a pocket table. Mr. Peck won the match, scoring the four first games and the sixth and seventh, the contest being as to which party should win the most of eleven games. Mr. Goodwin's score was as follows, his opponent running out each time except once:—1st game, 70; 2nd, 35; 3rd, 33; 4th, 16; 5th, 100; 6th, 71; 7th, 69. A match between the same parties, at the same game, has been made for $1,000 a side, to be played at Goodwin Hall, on Monday, February 6th.

THE RING.

INDIAN CLUBS! INDIAN CLUBS!!—No better gymnastic appliances exist for simplicity of use, or tending more to a general development and strengthening of the physical system, than the Indian Club, and it is fast coming into public favor as a means of exercise. Mr. S. D. KEHOE, the principal manufacturer of Indian Clubs in this country, is now in receipt of orders from all sections, and he is filling them up as rapidly as possible. Mr. Kehoe made the Clubs used by JOHN C. HEENAN and JOE COBURN, the Pugilistic Champions, in their training. Also for DUDLEY KAVANAGH, the Billiard Champion, and JAMES HAMILL, the Aquatic Champion.

Clubs, 6 to 8 lbs. ..... $5 per pair
" 10 to 12 " ..... 6 " "
Dumb Bells, from ..... $3 to 4 " "

Orders addressed to S. D. KEHOE, BOX 4810, Post Office, New York, will receive immediate attention.

All orders outside of New York city must be accompanied with the money. 36-tf

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No. 113 GRAND STREET, one door from Broadway,
THE HEADQUARTERS OF THE SPORTING WORLD.
Wines, Liquors, Ales, Cigars, and everything of the best quality.
SPLENDID COLLECTION OF SPORTING PRINTS ON VIEW.
Strangers should not leave town without calling at the White House. JOE COBURN &
CAPTAIN SAUNDERS,
32 Proprietors.

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For the destruction of FLEAS, &c., IN DOGS, and all other Animals. Sold by the Patentee at Fifty cents per Box, or $4 per doz. Druggists and Shippers supplied, by
HARRY JENNINGS,
32 Portland street, Boston.
Agents wanted. 28

THE NAUTILUS BRANCH.—THOMAS O. BURNS has removed from the Old Homestead on Staten Island to this City, and can hereafter always be found at No. 1 BARCLAY STREET, on the corner of Broadway, where he has laid in a store of the Choicest Wines, Liquors, Ales, and Cigars, making his bar unsurpassed in quality. Mr. Burns will always be happy to see his friends and the public at the Branch, where all the above luxuries can be enjoyed in Oriental style. 16-3m

BOXING GLOVES! BOXING GLOVES!!---OLD BILL TOVEE, Master of Ceremonies of the Ring, will send per express a superior sett of GLOVER'S BOXING GLOVES, to any State now in the Union, on receipt of $6. GLOVES CLEANED at the shortest notice. Address WILLIAM TOVEE,
14-tf No. 575 Second av., corner of 35th st., N. Y. City.

"ED WILSON,"
Has fitted up the elegant and extensive premises at
No. 16 LEROY PLACE,
Corner of Bleecker and Greene streets,
as a first class Bar and Club Room, where the worthy host is ready to bid a hearty welcome to all. His Wines, Liquors, and Cigars are unsurpassed, and everything is of the best quality. A splendid PORTRAIT GALLERY on exhibition. 27-3m

THE CHARLES H. MARSHALL HOUSE.
MICHAEL HENRY ..... Proprietor.
No. 69 FULTON STREET, BROOKLYN.
THE CHOICEST
ALES, WINES, LIQUORS, AND SEGARS. 33

IZZY LAZARUS, Eagle Shades,
223 CENTRE STREET, One Door from Grand st.
Rarebits, and Cold Collation served and Segars. Choice Steaks, Welsh

A SKATING SONG.

On long, long nights of winter,
Upon our inland seas,
Our flashing skate steel rivals,
The swiftness of the breeze;
Once more our course we venture
On the rapid gliding heel,
And proud sweep o'er the icy deep,
With many a curve and wheel.
Hurrah for the flashing, forward dashing,
Clearly ringing steel.

We need no gas, nor parlor,
Stars for our lamp suffice;
Our canopy is the Heaven blue,
Bent round the glassy ice.
Hurrah for the brave old Norsemen!
Hurrah for the steel-shod heel!
O'er the deep we skim, 'till shores grow dim,
Then a homeward course we wheel.
Hurrah for the flashing, forward dashing,
Clearly ringing steel!

Steel for the sturdy warrior,
Steel for the editor's pen,
The pioneer's axe in the forest,
The plow-share in the glen.
But hurrah for the steel of the skaters!
Hurrah for the joy we feel!
When our skates are glancing, like a vessel dancing,
With a wave dividing keel!
Hurrah for the flashing, forward dashing,
Clearly ringing steel!"

THE SEA FIEND.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

On a certain dark night, while the whaleship Roanoke was cruising off the Mulgrave Islands, my chum, Dick Merryfellow, was seated upon the bows of the vessel keeping a lookout.

He had not occupied his post an hour, when he suddenly felt a hand upon his arm, and turning, he beheld the face of his friend, Bill Watch, at his elbow.

"What is it, Bill?"

"My eyes! lad, haven't you seen it yet? Look off the lee bow there, and tell me what you think it is?"

"Oh! aye, aye," answered Dick, without looking in the direction indicated, "I know all that! We are close upon the Mulgrave Islands. We sighted the land this morning, you know, and it's natural that we should see the breakers now."

"Every lubber knows that!" cried Bill, impatiently; "but it isn't the land I'm a speakin' of. Look to leeward, will ye?"

Surprised by the solemn manner of the old tar, Dick turned his glances across the lee bow and saw two little balls of fire, apparently about half a league from the ship, gleaming with an unsteady light through the darkness.

"It's a lantern in a boat!" cried my chum, impulsively.

"Nonsense!" replied the old sailor, "I've seen lanterns enough afore now, to know that they never shows two little fire-balls like *them!*"

"What do you think it is, then?"

"God only knows," answered Bill, in a solemn voice, "unless it be one of them cussed sprites that comes up from the sea sometimes as a warnin' to ships' crews. Them sprites have eyeballs that shines like fire in a dark night, d'ye see, lad, and——"

"You are superstitious, Bill," interrupted Dick, laughing, "you can't make me believe anything of that sort. Yonder lights are close to the land, I don't think they are anything more than the flames of a couple of torches, held by two natives, probably, who are floating about in a canoe."

"That *is* a lubberly idea!" cried Bill, impatiently; "whoever see torches burn in that way afore. If you haven't any better idea than that to give, I have no more to say to you about the matter!"

And with these words the old sailor walked off and joined a group of his shipmates who were leaning over the lee rail, gazing upon the mysterious lights and conversing about them in grave and earnest tones. These men, the greater number of whom were Spaniards and Portuguese, had readily fallen into the superstitious views of Bill Watch regarding the mysterious vision. They believed that the lights were nothing less than the eyeballs of some ocean sprite, glaring warningly upon them above the dark waters of the sea.

Trembling in every limb, one of the group—an old Portuguese—hastened aft and directed the attention of the officer of the deck to the fireballs, which, owing to the onward progress of the ship, now bore nearly abeam. The officer was an intelligent man, not in the least inclined to superstition, but he was obliged to confess to his informant that he was unable to account for the vision of those singular looking lights. He had never seen anything like it, he said, and knew not what to make of it.

Upon receiving the information, the skipper repaired to the deck, accompanied by the first mate. Both men gazed at the lights for a long time, and at last acknowledged that they could make "nothing out of them"—that "they would puzzle a Chinese juggler or a Philadelphia lawyer."

"The matter ought to be investigated," said the mate.

"Aye, aye," answered the skipper, "and I'm the lad to do it. Back the main-topsail!" he added, turning to the officer of the watch.

The order was given to the men forward, and they executed it with the readiness of good seamen.

"Clear away the starboard boat!" was the next command,—one which was not obeyed with sufficient alacrity to suit the doughty skipper.

"Come, bear a hand there!" he thundered impatiently to the two Portuguese seamen, who were unfastening lashings.

The hands of these men shook so violently that they could scarcely accomplish their work. The captain's impatience quickened their movements, however, and presently the boat was lowered away. The skipper was the first man to jump into it, and my chum Dick Merryfellow was the next. The rest of the crew, consisting of four Portuguese, did not seem in any hurry to follow, until a tiger like yell of rage from the captain brought them into the boat almost by the run. The mate then leaned over the bulwarks and passed the boat lantern to his superior, after which the latter ordered his crew to shove off. Away went the little vessel shooting off into the darkness, and the men on board of the ship sent a rather dismal cheer after it as it disappeared from their view. There were skillful oarsmen in the boat, and the distance between the adventurers and the mysterious lights was rapidly shortened by the vigorous strokes of the ashen blades.

The captain, an ignorant but matter-of-fact personage, kept his eyes upon the lights, still unable to "make anything out of 'em," as he declared to Dick Merryfellow, who pulled the tub oar; but he seemed unwilling to believe that the vision was the result of any supernatural agency, notwithstanding the dark hints occasionally thrown out by the Portuguese seamen, and the scared glances which they directed every now and then over their shoulders.

When the boat was within a hundred and fifty yards of its destination, however, the captain suddenly ordered the men to stop pulling, for a strange, wild, unearthly cry, followed by a hollow groan, was now heard to proceed from the direction of the two balls of fire.

"Santa Maria!" gasped the Portuguese, crouching with terror in the bottom of the boat; "Santa Maria! help us!"

"Pull ahead!" shouted the captain, although he shook from head to foot. "I'll solve this blasted mystery if I go to —— for it."

Not daring to disobey the order, the men seized their oars with trembling hands, and the light vessel dashed onward upon her course.

At the same moment the two fire-balls suddenly disappeared, but, as he still peered through the gloom ahead, the skipper was enabled to perceive that there was some dark object looming above the water. Beyond he could distinguish the white line of breakers near the shore, while the booming of the rolling surge fell sullenly upon his ears.

The boat dashed on, and in a short time it was within twenty yards of the mysterious object, but the captain was still unable, owing to the intense gloom, to come to any conclusion in regard to it. There it was only a short distance ahead of him, looming above the water, a black mass of something which he was unable to define. And as he still gazed upon it, that same wild, unearthly cry which he had heard before came from the mysterious vision, and as on the previous occasion, it was succeeded by a hollow groan!

Struck with terror, the Portuguese seamen stopped pulling, and sat quaking upon their thwarts. Dick Merryfellow placed his oar-apeak, and turned around with a shudder. Even the sturdy skipper lost his self-possession, and started back with dread and astonishment. But he recovered himself in a moment, and ordered Dick to give him the lantern. My chum obeyed, and as the boat, under the impetus which had been given to it, continued to glide onward, the captain lighted the lantern and held it above his head, so that the rays from it might fall directly upon the mysterious object. Towards that object the men in the boat now directed their eyes.

And what did they see?

A black, horrible-looking face—a square, massive face, with the distorted features of a human being, and with great glaring eyeballs, while from each temple projected a long and crooked horn!

They all saw the vision—saw it *distinctly*—and a simultaneous cry of superstitious terror burst from their lips.

But when the strange being, in an earnest but hollow voice, commenced to wail out a complaint in the words of some unintelligible jargon, the fright of the Portuguese seamen knew no bounds, and they would have jumped into the sea had not the captain dashed down his lantern, and in a voice of thunder ordered every man to take to his oars.

"Pull ahead!" he roared, in loud but husky tones—"pull ahead for your lives! It is a ghoul, or fiend of—"

As he spoke, he whirled the boat's head away from the frightful creature, and seizing their oars, the men made the light craft fairly bound with their exertions. And behind them, as the receding keel clove the waters with arrowy speed, the men could still hear the wails, the groans, and the yells of that uncouth being, that strange fiend of the sea!

The noise thrilled through every nerve of their bodies, but their fears only added strength to their exertions, and in a very short space of time they were alongside of the Roanoke.

The startling news which they brought to their shipmates thrilled the hearts of the listeners with a terror which was only equalled by that of the narrators, and the mate immediately ordered the main yard to be braced forward, and everything "clapped" on the ship that could carry her as speedily as possible away from the scene of the late adventure. The latter formed an engrossing topic of conversation, and throughout the whole of that night the low murmur of voices fore and aft proclaimed that all hands had remained awake to discuss the mysterious affair, instead of seeking their warm and comfortable bunks.

There was not much wind, and at daylight it was perceived that the Roanoke had made but little headway. The captain and mate jumped upon the round-house, and pointed their glasses in the direction of the island.

"Do you see anything?" inquired the mate, lowering his glass after he had scanned the water for a few minutes.

"Aye, aye," answered the captain, in a musing tone, "there it is, sure enough. Something black projecting above the water—that's it, I believe!"

The mate raised his glass and looked in the direction pointed out to him.

"I see it!" he exclaimed at length, "and with your permission I'll run down there with my boat."

"Are you mad, Mr. Barlow?" ejaculated the skipper.

"No, sir," replied the mate; "I never felt more sensible in my life, but I think that your imagination, together with the darkness, deceived you last night. In *my* opinion, yonder object is nothing more than a block of wood."

"All right!" cried the captain, indignantly; "if you think so, you are at liberty to go there and see for yourself. You *dare* not go; you are afraid!" he added, as the mate made no movement to leave the spot.

"We'll see about that!" cried Barlow, and then turning around, he cried in a loud voice, "Haul a-back the main yard!"

As soon as this command had been executed, he ordered his boat to be lowered away. The boat was accordingly dropped into the water, and her crew reluctantly tumbled into their places.

"Give way!" shouted the mate, and the boat flew.

In the course of an hour, it was sufficiently near its place of destination to enable Barlow to see that horrible face with the glaring eyes, with the horn projecting from each temple. The mate shuddered, turned pale, and ordered his men to stop pulling. Then the creature uttered a cry—a prolonged, wailing, unearthly cry—and at the same moment the mate was surprised to see its eyes disappear, disclosing two holes, through each of which a finger was now thrust forth.

A light broke upon his mind, and he ordered the men to pull ahead. The boat was soon alongside of that horrible face, and the mate dared to touch it with his hand.

"I thought so!" he exclaimed.

The face was of wood!

He now seized the boat-hatchet, and with a few blows knocked away the top of the wooden head. A boyish face, with wasted cheeks and hollow eyes, was then thrust up suddenly through the aperture. It was the face of a New Zealander!

"Aye, aye, here he is!" exclaimed the mate, addressing his men. "The image, d'ye see, lads?" he added, pointing to the upper portion of a carved mass of wood, which, owing to the state of the tide, was now partly revealed above the water, "is supported by this keel. In a word, the image is nothing more than a vessel's figure-head, the lower portion of which is under the water; the keel is fast in the rocks below; the figure-head is hollow, and this lad"—pointing to the native—"has been shut up in it—by whom remains to be told. Our first duty is to get him out of his uncomfortable prison."

The men went to work with a will, and in a short time the poor savage was among them, devouring hard bread with a zeal which denoted his half famished condition. There was a New Zealander among the crew of the Roanoke, and after the rescued native had been conveyed to the ship, his countryman acted as his interpreter, and thus made the poor fellow's story known to all hands.

He had been snatched away from his native beach by the crew of a Spanish pirate schooner. Several months afterwards, and five days previous to the present time, he struck the barbarous captain for abusing him, whereupon the former ordered his carpenter to make a large hole in the front part of the figure-head, by sawing away some of the wood. This was done; after which, the native was shoved into the hollow image and nailed in. He was to be kept there, intending to keep him a prisoner until the vessel took fire, and the crew left her by means of their boats. She drifted upon the rocks already alluded to, and then blew up—every part of her, with the exception of the keel and the figure-head. As to the lights, or fireballs, which had been seen by the crew of the Roanoke on the night with which our story opens, the native stated that they had been caused by the flame of a piece of candle shedding its light through the eye-holes of the image. The candle, together with a few matches, was in his pocket when he was imprisoned, and he had lighted the wick to attract the attention of the whalemen.

THE ADVANTAGE OF GOOD LOOKS.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

BY A. S. PRENTISS.

We were all seated upon the balcony of the Rockingham House in Fall River, last August, during one of those sultry evenings of the northern summer time, when perspiration leaks from every pore and pours from every leak, telling stories, anecdotes, and whiling away the time as legal students are apt to do when no intimate female acquaintance holds out superior inducements to claim his time, when we heard the car bell of the Boston train ring. The arrival of a train of cars, or a steamer, at Fall River, creates no more excitement in that place than their regular arrival would in any other seaport town, and the arrival of the train, upon the occasion alluded to, only elicited from one of us the remark, "There's the ten o'clock train from Boston."

We filled our pipes again, wiped the perspiration from our brows, and looked at the moon, which was then in its full. The night was warm, and so light that the face of every passer-by could be as distinctly seen as at midday. The war was, of course, a topic upon which we conversed; and while we were in the midst of an animated discussion upon the military merits of a prominent officer in the northern army, the omnibus arrived at the hotel from the Boston train with its load of travelers. Curiosity, quite natural in young men, induced us to look over the railing of the balcony down upon the travellers who were emerging from the omnibus, and following the porter up the iron stairs into the office of the house. As the last one emerged from the vehicle, the exclamations, "There he is," and "That's him, now," were uttered by two of my friends, and I was clearly convinced that Gen. Burnside was to be a guest at the Rockingham.

Some, and perhaps many, of your readers have seen Gen. Burnside, of the army. Those who have not, are doubtless familiarly acquainted with his physiognomy from seeing his photograph displayed in all the shop windows of the North. I need not remind the reader that he wears side whiskers which unite with a heavy moustache, thus forming what is usually termed in the army "a military beard," giving his face a round and full appearance.

We each started simultaneously to reach the office and look at the "lion," for we were not entirely deficient of that peculiarity wich is very properly applied to the people of this nation, of courting and fawning upon power and greatness. The hero of this and many other sketches, walked hurriedly up to the hotel register, and after writing his name, looked at his watch, took off his duster, said to us who were staring at him like wild beasts, "Pleasant and warm, this evening, gentlemen," and then commenced filling a meerschaum pipe preparatory to the enjoyment of a smoke. The youngest of our party answered the General, as any other Yankee would have done, by asking the question, "When did you return from the army, General?" Now it was the General's turn to stare, and then he burst into a laugh. "And by-the-way," said the General, "that reminds me of a circumstance that occurred on the train I just now arrived in. Let us take seats on the balcony, and I'll relate it."

As our stock of jokes, stories and anecdotes had become pretty well exhausted, we eagerly accepted his invitation, and were soon by his side listening to the following incident:

"I left Boston about four o'clock this afternoon, on the Providence train. After I had taken my seat in the car, I noticed a gentleman who was seated upon the opposite side of the car looking intently at some object in the depot, and at the same time he remarked, 'There's Gen. Burnside.' Passengers left their seats to get a better view of him, and after the gratification of their visual organs, comments were plenty about his military career. The conversation did not lull until the train started, and even then the rumor passed along among the passengers that Gen. Burnside was on board. At Roxbury, the usual number of passengers got off, and a few got on; and among the latter was an old gentleman of the rural persuasion, who took a seat with me. The day has been, as you are doubtless aware, uncommonly warm; and the better to get a breath of rushing air, I had raised the car window, through which the wind rushed in grateful gusts. The next station was Hyde Park, and when the train stopped, a large number of persons alighted. Among them was a large man with stentorian lungs, who cried out at the top of his voice as his ponderous boots struck the platform of the station house, 'Gen. Burnside is on board; three cheers for him.' And they were given with a right good will, and with an earnestness that is peculiar to Yankee people when they have anything to do. The moment the last cheer subsided, the innocent old gentleman sitting with me, turned towards me and asked, 'Are you Gen. Burnside?'

"Now, gentlemen, there was nothing extraordinary in the question, from the fact that some of my friends have said I look like the General, but his simple and inquiring look excited my mirth, and to save myself from the rudeness of laughing in his face, I put my head out of the already-mentioned open window. I had no sooner done so, than the crowd started towards me, with the cry, 'Here he is, here he is,' and a couple of our war-worn and crippled veterans came hobbling up to me, holding out their shrunken hands for a cordial shake. What could I do? I took them by the hand, thanked the whole crowd, numbering a couple of hundred, for the honor they had done me, counseled them to love the *Union* and not New England alone, and advised them if they would save their country from continuous waves of the sea of blood now deluging the land, and if they would perpetuate the Union in its original purity and integrity, they should vote at the coming election for the best man. The train started, and I left them hurrahing for Burnside. I may have done wrong, but I did not utter a sentiment or a sentence that I do not believe to be essentially true and good."

We all laughed heartily at the story, and after telling him that we had been deceived as much as the people at Hyde Park, one of us asked him:

"If you are not Gen. Burnside, who the devil are you?"

"I am not Gen. Burnside, certainly," said our entertainer, "but am easily recognised among my friends as Rufus Somerby, the manager of the best show now travelling, to be exhibited here next week. Will you join me in a glass of sherry, gentlemen?"

And we *sherried*.

SKATING.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,

BY AUGUSTUS APPLEJACK, ESQ.,

I should skate; I determined to skate; I made up my mind to skate, and I bought a pair of skates. Now why did I, Augustus Applejack, Esq., take all this trouble? Simply because Araminta Snubbins had whispered to me, "Augustus, dear, will you teach me to glide over the congealed surface of the water?" and I had replied, "Ducky, I will." The fond recollection of that blissful moment sends a thrill of rapture to the very end of my worn-out gloves. But how could I initiate the fair creature into the mysteries of ice-dancing, when I had never been initiated myself? How could I? Why I *couldn't*, so I determined to go at once and do the deed.

Well, I bought a pair of skates, and having heard some folks say that a short, heavy cane would act as a balance, I bought one of that kind also, and started for the cars. It was about 10 A. M., and I thought I should have time to become proficient in the art by night. I missed the first car, and after dancing about for the space of five minutes to keep up a genile circulation, a second one came along, and into this I popped. Unfortunately my foot slipped on the step, and my head thereby came in contact with the stomach of a Dutchman, who was leaning against the railing of the platform. He, poor man, not knowing what to make of my conduct, and evidently expecting to be shot out into the street, grabbed me by the hair with one hand, exclaiming, in tones of agony, "Mein Got, vot for you do?" whilst with the other he pushed me from him. "Plenty of room inside," said the conductor. Taking him at his word, I squeezed in, and at last became jammed between two fat men, who, making use of my body as a cushion, endeavored to drive out what little breath I had. At last the car stopped, and it was with a feeling of relief that I found myself at the Central Park.

The wind blew cold and keen as I walked along, and my ears already began to feel as if twenty cobblers were punching them with awls. I could hear the sound of merry voices, and see thousands on the ice.

"How pleasant is winter!" I thought to myself. "How quaint are the devices which the Frost King paints on our window-panes!"

"Shall I put on your skates, sir?"

I looked at him. He was a smart lad, so I resigned myself and my skates into his hands.

"Them's rippers, sir—them is!" he exclaimed, as he turned them over.

"What are you about?" said I, as he began to bore in my heel.

"Making on 'em tight, sir—I am. Your foot is small, sir—it is. Hadn't I better cut another hole in this here strap?"

I consented, and [illegible] exploring expedition, sank deep into my foot. I felt as if I could throttle him, but refrained for fear he would leave me to put on my own skates. Since I knew nothing whatever about it, such conduct on his part would not have been agreeable, so I allowed him to finish the job.

Out on the ice I stepped. How proud I was! I felt that the eyes of every one were fixed upon the noble form of Augustus Applejack, Esq. I essayed to strike out, and soon became aware that one of my legs was gradually parting company with the other. Stooping to ascertain the cause of this proceeding, I found myself seated on the ice, which was rapidly melting beneath me. With the help of my cane and a friendly arm, I at length stood up. Again I struck out, but a man came swiftly along on one skate, and as he whirled the other around at the full length of he strap, the end of the runner took me under the chi, and for the second time I was laid low. I arose agin, and was making up my mind in what direction to travel, when an aged lady in a chair was impelled toward me. Before I had time to step aside, I was seated in he lap of the ancient dame, with my arms around her nck, which I clutched like a drowning man would a plank.

"What a big baby!" said a little boy, with his head enveloped in a red muffler.

"Fire! murder! thieves! I'm suffocated!" screamed the old woman.

"I wants none of your trick on this pond, young man," muttered a policeman.

I apologized and struck o', determined to put some distance between me and the scene of my late disasters.

Had not proceeded far, however, before I stumbled, and endeavoring to make us of my cane as a balance, the stout end of it came dowiwith a sudden whack on the bald head of a Frenchmawho was stooping to pick up his hat. Quickly transfering it from one hand to the other, and raising my owhat to utter an apology, the stout end went bang into e mouth of a lady.

"Sare, you sall brak mineead! I sall demand an apologie, by Gar!" exclaimethe Frenchman.

"I have swallowed my teeth!" screamed the lady.

"Go in, lemons!" remarkedlittle boy.

The Frenchman seized mey the throat, but being somewhat shorter than mys I easily threw off his hold, and sent him, by means a blow well applied, into the arms of a policeman whwas running to inquire the cause of the row.

"Ah! I have got you, have" cried the latter, as he caught the Frenchman by thoat collar and gazed at his battered skull. "Aint youhamed of yourself? an old man like you to get drunk the presence of ladies!"

"It is no me. Zare is de an. He is von rascal!" bawled the Frenchman, as he tggled about like a snake in its death agonies.

"Nonsense!" exclaimed M. No. 6002; and in spite of the remarks of the bystanders the resistance of the foreigner, he hurried him to thation house, where he may be at the present time, fall I know to the contrary.

Thus it is that the guilty esc and the innocent are punished. I would go and artain his fate were I at all anxious of changing places h him.

The lady gave me a glance ortuous indignation and darted off across the pond. made up my mind to return, and started for the ire, when a boy, who was skating backwards, dashinto me, and away we went on the ice together. I arondagain started for the shore. The boys laughed ate. The girls blushed. What could it mean? Great Lyons! In my last fall I had left my coat-tails and a rtion of my pantaloons on the ice. Jenkins, a particur friend of mine, lent me his shawl, and I felt happy. Don I sat on a stone and endeavored to unfasten my ka but it was no go. Growing exoited, I dashed one f tm against a rock, when off came the skate, with he eel and sole of my boot attached! The boy was rht and my skate was a "ripper!" My fingers became old, nd I strove to impart a little warmth by blowing in tm. With renewed efforts I went to work. Seizing he eel runners with both hands, I easily removed the o nate skate; but when I threw it down, the skin of my fingers went with it. The blood flowed in torrents the ice. What should I do? I hurried to the Eighth enue—I espied a hack—I hailed it. I popped in and ered the man to drive me home. Having changed my tire, I repaired in the evening to the house of Aramit. I told her it was impossible for me to teach her the avenly art.

"Then," says she, "Augustus—Mr. pplejack—I can not link my fate with one who is una to glide across the polished surface of congealed wat."

I spoke of the hopes that she was abt to break, as well as of the boot that was already bken. I told her of the breast that she was about to tess well as of the pants that were already torn. I spok of my bleeding heart, and showed her my bleeding fngrs. It was all—all in vain. Pointing to the door with air of extreme disgust, she exclaimed—

"Go—go! What care I for your oots, pants, or fingers?"

I walked—I moved—I went and lo my Araminta. Yes, lost her, for she married ot wo taught her to glide across the congealed water. The very sight of ice now makes me shudder, and I ve made up my mind that nothing but the hopes of obtaining untold wealth would tempt me to trust myself gain on a pair of skates.

FEARFUL ACCOUNT OF A STORM AT SEA.

One of our friends, who is great on nautical lore, having once visited Margate in the steamer without experiencing the least sea-sickness, is writing a nautical novel, and submits the following as a sample of his powers. His sea expressions are excellent, and he will rank with Cooper and Marryatt, provided he continues as he has begun:

"The good ship *Serious Susan*, bound for Greenland, left her moorings, and then weighed her anchor at the port of Bristol, on a pleasant Friday morning, in the month of June, 1860, having on board an assorted cargo of eggs, onions, butter, &c. Proceeding down the bay without anything serious occurring, arriving at the Cape of Good Hope, she dismissed the pilot, and pursued her voyage to sea.

"What a beautiful sight! Every stitch of canvas set down in one corner of the capstan! The lee scuppers gloriously floating in the breeze, and the jibbety-boom gracefully undulating from the tapering mizzen sky-sail! All was joy and hilarity on that gallant bark, as she sped wildly onward, dashing the diamond spray on either side, while an occasional shower of brilliants would alight upon the starboard bunkers. The captain and his officers were pleasantly conversing together, seated on the cock-pit taffrail, enjoying the delightful breeze, while the crew were spinning yarns abaft the stern-sheets of the binnacle. The ship going, at the time, at the rate of forty hard knots an hour, everything seemed to forbode a quick and prosperous voyage. But alack a day! how short-lived are all our sanguine hopes!—from the highest pinnacle of happiness to the very depths of woe, how quick the transition! how terrible the shock! See yonder speck of yellowish-green cloud just above the horizon! 'Tis the white squall! Hark to the skipper's voice!

"'Avast! avast there! Clew the jib-spanker up! Let go the companion-way port-hole! Stand by the quarter-deck top-lifts! All hands ahoy!'

"'Ahoy it is, sir!' shouted the gruff voice of the fourth mate, in answer, and then repeated to the boatswain's steward the orders of the captain, who, in turn, politely mentioned them to the crew. The old salts sung out cheerily, 'Aye, Aye, sir!' and obeyed each order with great alacrity. But the hurricane increased in fury; it was now blowing great guns from the sou' sou'-west by nor', rendering their superhuman efforts perfectly futile. The thunder's roar and the forked lightning's vivid flash made the scene truly appalling, when a sudden crash, which shook the vessel from the very bulwarks to the bowsprit halyards, gave note that the fore-top-mast galley had gone by the board, carrying along with it the cat-head hawser, while the heavy rolling of the vessel in the trough of the sea indicated conclusively that the hammock-nettings had sprung a leak athwart the amidship gunnels. Consternation now reigned supreme on that devoted ship; the launch was got ready, but was stove in by the galley; the jolly-boats were cut away, but swamped at once; the caboose was put hard a-port, and the belaying-pins battened down; the wretched crew then gave up all for lost; a despairing cry was wafted heavenward from the fore-castle of the poop-deck, and the *Serious Susan* went down in the dark abyss of waters."

EASTERN JUGGLERY.

The autobiography of the Mogul Emperor, Jehangire, gives an account of extraordinary feats in this art performed in his presence. First, the performers produced a living man, whose head they cut off in the first instance. They next divided the limbs from the trunk, and the mutilated remains lay on the ground for some time. A curtain was then extended over the spot, and one of the performers putting himself under the curtain, emerged from it again in a few minutes, followed by the individual who was supposed to have been so completely dissected! They then took a small bag, and having first shown that it was entirely empty, one of them put his hand into the bag; on withdrawing it again, out came two game cocks of the largest size and great beauty, which immediately assailed each other, with such force and fury that their wings emitted sparks of fire at every stroke. This continued for full an hour, when they put an end to the combat by throwing a sheet over the birds. Again they withdrew the sheet, and there appeared a brace of partridges, with most brilliant and beautiful plumage, which immediately began to tune their throats as if there was nothing human present, picking at worms with the same sort of chuckle as they are heard to use on the hillside. The sheet was now thrown over the partridges, and when again withdrawn, instead of those beautiful birds appeared two frightful black snakes there, with flat heads and crimson bellies, which, with open mouths and heads erect, attacked each other with the greatest fury, and so nearly did almost. They made an excavation in the earth in the shape of a tank of considerable dimensions, which they requested us to fill with water. When this was done, they spread a covering over the place, and after a short interval, having removed the cover, the water appeared to be one sheet of ice, and they desired that some of the elephant keepers might be directed to lead the elephants across.

One of the men set his elephant upon the ice, and the animal walked over with as much ease and safety as if it were of solid rock, remaining for some time on the surface of the frozen pond without occasioning the slightest fracture of the ice. A blank volume of pure white paper was placed in my hands, to show that it contained no figures nor any colored pages whatever, of which I satisfied myself and all around. One of the men took the volume in hand, and the first opening exhibited a page of bright red, sprinkled with gold, forming a blank tablet, splendidly elaborate. The next turn presented a leaf of beautiful azure, sprinkled in the same manner, and exhibiting, on the margin, numbers of men and women in various attitudes. The juggler then turned to another leaf, which appeared of a Chinese color and fabric, and sprinkled in the same manner with gold, but on it were delineated herds of cattle and lions, the latter seizing upon the kine in a manner that I never observed in any other paintings. The next leaf exhibited was a beautiful green, similarly powdered with gold, on which was represented, in lively colors, a garden, with cypress roses and flowering shrubs, and in full bloom, and in the midst of the garden an excellent pavilion. The next change exhibited a leaf of orange, on which was delineated a great battle; two adverse kings were seen engaged in mortal conflict. Every turn of the leaf exhibited a different color, scene, and action, pleasing to behold.

JOSH BILLINGS ANSWERS HIS CORRESPONDENTS.

Americus.—Your contribushun is in hand. We like its fluidness. It is like lle on a sand hill. Natur has did a good thing fur yu, and yu ought to be willing tew dew a good thing fur natur. This line in your produkshun strikes us as very butiful and oriigynal:—

"And larn the luxury of dewing good."

Goldsmith himself mite hev bin proud of sech a line. And agin:—

"Oh, would some power the gifty giv us,
Uv seeing ourselfs as uthers see us."

Yure idee uv introdusing the Skotch acksent into your stile is very happy. If you never hev read Robert Burns, you will be surprized to larn that his stile very much resembels yures. Onse more yu say:—

"Ef ignorance iz bliss, 'tis folly tew be wise."

This sentyment iz jist as true as 'tiz commun. Pope, I think, haz sumthing similar; but awl grate minds sumtimes express theirselfs alike. Yure contribushun will appear in our next issu, with a wood-cut piktur ov a saw buk at the top uv it.

Flora.—Yu sa that "Yure Adolphus has proved untru, and yu must di." I never advise deth under enny circumstances, altho it proberly iz cheaper jist now tew die than it iz tew. Bear up like a man under yure dissapointments. Take pills; but if yu find that yu are out to teach a districk skule, and it won't be 3 months "Adolphus be d—d."

Beta.—I think sumly as yu du, "thus wurld is awl a fleetin cirkus, for man's illushun given," but that ain't no rezon for not pitchin in and bein illushuned onse in a while. I wouldn't be a sent for a man who hadn't been illushuned and who did not expect to be several times agin.

Matthew.—I see bi yr letter that yu hav determined to studdy ministry. Yu sa'ter that yu hav determined talents being enuffly tew make shav doubts about yur that I ought tew bluff yu oph, for a time. I don't think of almity mean talents who got tew be menny men ministers.

Philander.—You ask me which iz the married or the single condishun? Most everybody, at some time in their life, has tride the single state, the most everybody has hankered after the dubble state! married condishun. I have tride both states, and am ready to sware that if a man kan git a woman who kan fri pankakes on both sides without burnin them, and don't kanker to be a wimmin's kommitty, the married state iz a Heven and arth all tew onst. But after awl, the married state iz a good deal like fallin out uv a cherry tree; if a person don't happen tew git hurt, it iz a good reason for not trieing it agin.

Sport in Chattanooga.—The Chattanoogans were promised a prize fight last week between an Infantry man and a Battery boy. Our correspondent says, "The latter was the favorite, but," our correspondent adds, "I think 'muchly' of the 'dough-boy,' and think he will claim the purse of one hundred dollars.....Nick Pheifer has promised to run his s. m. Nellie against Joe Hunt's b. h. Dutchman, for one hundred dollars; mile heats; best two in three. Two to one on Nellie, and Weymouth says 'a go.' I'm twenty-five or fifty out, for 'sich is life,' as they say in the play. We had an exciting race last week between J. B. Hood's Dead Beat and Pap Thomas' Excelsior, the latter winning the first day and the next, but on the third, Dead Beat flew the track, and shadd-died for the 'other side of Jordan.'"

EXTRAORDINARY SOMNAMBULISTIC FEAT.

Among the visitors attracted to Clifton during the week of the inauguration of the suspension bridge, was a lady named Luckman. She was residing at a house called Sion Spring House, situated in the neighborhood of the suspension bridge, and which has a verandah running along the whole of its frontage before the drawing-room windows. A few nights after the opening of the bridge, police-sergeant 19 was on duty at the top of Granby Hill shortly after midnight, when he heard a piercing shriek coming from the neighborhood of Sion Spring House. He immediately hastened to the spot, and found Mrs. Luckman lying in the garden in her night-dress, and evidently considerably injured. It appeared that the lady had walked from her bed-room in her sleep, entered the drawing-room, gained access to the verandah, and fell over into the garden—a distance of sixteen or twenty feet. Fortunately, in her descent, she cleared the inner railings, and fell on a flower-bed in the garden, but she had a narrow escape from being impaled on the headspikes of the railings, when the accident would certainly have been far more serious. One of her legs was broken.

How she got over the rails of the verandah, which are about three feet high, is not known; but, strange to say, a chair was found there. This had been taken from the drawing-room, through the window by which the somnambulist let herself out; and whether she had been accustomed to sit there and intended to do so on the present occasion, or whether she used the chair as a means of getting up and standing upon the handrail from which she fell, cannot be ascertained. When picked up in the garden, she had no idea how she came there, and the matter created considerable excitement and alarm, but it was soon ascertained that the lady was a somnambulist.—*Bristol (*Eng.*) Mirror.*

THE COURTEOUS HIGHWAYMAN.

Many years ago, I used to hear a cotemporary of the Duke of Montague relate a capital anecdote of him. He was one night stopped by a highwayman at Finchley, and robbed of all he had about him. Among the spoils was an old family watch which he much prized. He entreated the plunderer to return it to him, pleading the great value he set upon it as a family relic, and adding: "If you will name a price for it, and will call on me to-morrow, I will pay you for it." The highwayman, in the most courteous manner, returned it immediately—declaring himself incapable of depriving the duke of so precious a relic, and promised to do himself the honor of calling upon him the next day. True to his appointment, he came, and the duke, equally true to his word, at once paid him the promised sum. This business settled, the Duke observed: "May I be allowed to ask how you could venture to place yourself in my power, with the gallows as your sure doom?" "Nay," replied the highwayman, "I knew that to be impossible: the Duke of Montague's honor was my sure guarantee." On wishing him good morning, the duke, with his usual love of fun, asked him to dine with him in the afternoon. The invitation was accepted, and a large party asked to meet the man. Full of anecdote and most polished in manner, all were enchanted with him. When his "hour of business arrived," he pleaded an engagement and withdrew. As soon as he was gone, the question at once arose, "Duke, who was that man—the most gentlemanly and agreeable man we ever met?" "I am sure I don't know," said the duke: "all I know of him is, that he stopped me on Finchley Common last night, and robbed me of all I had about me."

Automatons.—Some wonderful accounts are handed down of mechanism so constructed as to resemble animals, and even human beings, in figure, and imitate their actions. Archytas, of Tarentum, about 400 years before the Christian era, is said to have made a wooden pigeon that could fly. Albertus Magnus constructed an automaton to open the door when any one knocked. The celebrated Regiomontanus made a wooden eagle that flew forth from the city, saluted the emperor, and returned. He also constructed an iron fly, which flew out of his hand and returned after flying about the room. In 1738, an automaton flute-player was exhibited at Paris that could play on the flute in the same manner as a living performer. In 1741 Vaucanson produced a flageolet-player which played the flageolet with the left hand and beat a tamborine with the right. He also made a duck which dabbled in the water, swam, drank, and quacked like a real duck. A Frenchman exhibited a duck a few years ago, which went through the same movements. Automata have been constructed which wrote, played on the pianoforte, counted, &c. During the present century, a Swiss, named Maillardet, constructed a figure [illegible] female, which performed eighteen tunes on the piano, and continued in motion an hour. He also made another figure, representing a boy that could write and draw.

OUR GAME BAG.

Steam Engine Jokes.—Engineer Stone, or as he is more generally called among his acquaintances, "Old Rock," who runs on the east end of the Peoria & Oquawka Railroad, is a natural wag, quick at repartee, and dry as a chip. One day "Rock" met with a party of the St. Louis, Alton and Chicago Railroad boys at Peoria Junction, and they stepped into Sam Emery's for a social glass of ale. Conductor Hedges, of the St. Louis road, as a sort of sentiment, gave—"Old Rock, otherwise Stone, a perfect *brick*." "That is very good," exclaimed Stone. "Here is to Old Brush, otherwise Hedges, a perfect *stick*." The next that was seen of "Rock" he was pursuing a "2:40" gait towards his engine, Hedges with a big stick close on his rear. This is not quite so good as the repartee of Nick Denton, while a division engineer on the Illinois Central, at a festival several years ago in DeWitt county. A fellow named Jack Wallace gave as a sentiment: "*The two Nicks*—Old Nick and Nick Denton." The table came down with a clatter. Nick arose as grave as a judge, and when the noise had subsided, he said he fully appreciated the honor conferred on him in being named in connection with Jack's most intimate friend! He hardly knew how to requite the kindness, but as one good turn always deserves another, he would give: "*The two Jacks*—Jack W——, and Jackass!" Jack Wallace collapsed and the company went into hysterics.

Why is the Sun a Quarrelsome Fellow?—Because he never shows himself without making a shine; but then it is only done in the heat of the moment, and upon the least reflection the whole matter would be seen in a very different light.

New Definition of Democracy and Aristocracy.—In describing the difference between aristocracy and democracy, it is wittily said of Cincinnati: "The democracy are those who kill hogs for a living; the aristocracy, those whose fathers killed hogs."

In the Wrong Pocket.—Pumpkins popped in to pay his rent, putting on a long face to correspond with the occasion. On entering the house, he said the times were so hard he couldn't raise the money at all, and dashing a bundle of notes on the table, exclaimed: "There, that's all I can pay." The money was taken up and counted by the landlord, who said: "Why, this is twice as much as you owe me!" "Dang it, give it to me again," said the farmer; "I'm dashed if I didn't take it out of the wrong pocket."

Big Ballooning.—The highest ascension ever made in a balloon, was that accomplished by Mess

CHEQUERS.

To Draught Players.

THE ELEMENTS OF DRAUGHTS; OR, BEGINNERS' SURE GUIDE. By the Draught Editor of the CLIPPER. This book has been pronounced by the Editor of Bell's Life to be "THE BEST ELEMENTARY TREATISE EVER WRITTEN ON THE GAME." Printed on fine paper, gilt binding, illustrated with diagrams, and enriched by numerous games from the best masters. Anderson's system of recording, together with Patterson's system complete. Advanced players will find this treatise well worthy their notice. Sent, post paid, to any address in the United States, for 50 cents. Address I. D. J. SWEET, CLIPPER OFFICE,
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Notice to Draught Players.

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ANDERSON'S Treatise, American Reprint, " " 1 50
For sale by the AMERICAN NEWS CO.,
41-13t* 121 Nassau street, New York.

Lines About Checkers.

The Author of the following piece of poetry is unknown. It was written some years ago, and even now may interest some of our readers:—

Having been in a musing mood last night, and the subject having fallen upon draught players, what occurred to my fancy I jotted down at the moment as follows:—

The first I'll mention is the hatter,*
About whom there's been such clatter;
'Tis thought he'll English Martin's batter,
He plays so well:
It's said by some he's little slacker
Than Wyllie's sel'.

The next to him comes W. L.,†
Who thinks a great deal o' himsel',
And says he can that youth excel,
He's played sae lang.
But I am sure ye ken yoursel'
That he's far wrang.

He works away wi' silly things
Though whiles some guid from them he brings,
You'll hear that when he one doon dings;
How he will chat,
And gently sups, then out he sings
'Twas L. did that.

Next comes th' eccentric Maister D——n,‡
Who plays no bad when 'tis for fun;
But if for ought, he'll try to ahun
Without reserve;
The fricht he ne'er can get aboun—
He wants the nerve.

Ye ken when he's to play a match
That Hugo has him aye to watch,
To try and bring him to the scratch
In best o' order;
But still, w' fricht, he's sure to catch
Some strange disorder.

He's unco like his frien', Wee Blackie,‖
Wha thinks himsel' uncommon knackie;
But, ah! upon the Brod he's slackie—
Nay, saft and licht;
And always at the point to crackie
Wi' perfect fricht.

The last I'll name is Sklater Johnie,§
Wha scours the country as a donie,
And swears that he's as guid as onie
Amang first-class;
But he'll be ne'er sae deep or bonny,
The stupid ass.

It was, I think, in fifty-two,
His trash and cabbage came in view;
And oh! man, how he puff'd and blew,
And did say plainly,
That he would do the motley crew,
The Royal Fam'ly!¶

Johnnie now may shelf his book,
An' hide himsel' in some far neuk:
He at the broad nae mair should look—
He's been sae thumped,
And put his kintle in the cruik—
He black affronted.

If he has ony sense ava,
I'm sure nae mair he'll ever craw;
For he's the lowest o' them a'
In Life o' Bell:
He ought to kick his broad in twa,
And bid farewell!

* McIntosh. † Lewis. ‡ Dunn. ‖ Black. § Drummond.
¶ The contributors to Anderson's Treatise.

To Correspondents.

E. HULL, Philadelphia, Pa.—The first position in your sett of the "CLIPPER Tournament Prize Problem," has received "honorable mention," and is pronounced by Martins, the London and Glasgow Draught players, to be the best one they ever saw. It has also been published, as the first, with five others, with the Match Games of Wylie and Martins.

E. R. JACQUES, Malvern, C. W.—For your improvement on "Old Fourteenth," see below. Your other play we may use at some future time. It's a variation but few would attempt to play the [illegible] fully posted. 2. His calibre is not very large, and you need not be at all surprised at the blunders emanating from that quarter.

J. Y. W., Quebec, C. E.—Three Kings win against two, wherever one is in each double corner. Force the game into the following position:—White Kings on 14, 18, 23; Black Kings on 6, 24; and White to move, thus:—18 to 15, 6 to 1, 14 to 9, 24 to 28, 23 to 19, 1 to 5, 9 to 6, 28 to 32, 19 to 24, 4 to 1, 24 to 19, and wins. It makes no difference which has the move.

Game No. 51—Vol. XII.

FORTY-THIRD GAME of the Championship Match of Great Britain.

MAID OF THE MILL.

Wylie, Black.	Martins, White.	Wylie, Black.	Martins, White.
1..10 to 15	22 to 17	15..15 to 24	28 to 19
2.. 8 11	17 13	16.. 7 10	30 26
3..15 18	23 14	17.. 3 8	18 15
4.. 9 18	26 23	18..11 27	20 4
5..10 14	24 20	19..27 31	4 8
6.. 4 8	28 24	20..31 27	8 11
7.. 6 10	(a)31 26	21.. 1 5	19 15
8.. 2 6	25 22	22..10 19	22 17
9..18 25	29 22	23..27 31	26 22
10.. 5 9	23 18	24..12 16(c)	11 20
11..14 23	27 18	25..19 24	20 27
12..10 15	26 23	26..31 24	22 18
13..12 16	32 28	27..24 19,	
14.. 8 12	(b)24 19	Wylie won.	

(a) The variation. Anderson plays 24 to 19.
(b) The losing move.
(c) A beautiful move.

Game No. 52—Vol. XII.

OLD FOURTEENTH.

BY E. R. JACQUES, MALVERN, C. W.

Black.	White.	Black.	White.
1..11 to 15	23 to 19	12..15 to 18	26 to 22
2.. 8 11	22 17	13..18 25	29 22
3.. 4 8	17 13	14..11 15	(c)27 23
4..15 18	24 20	15.. 3 8(1)	23 18
5..11 15	26 24	16.. 8 11	13 9
6.. 8 11	24 23	17..11 16(2)	18 11
7.. 9 14	31 26	18..16 23	24 19
8..14 17(b)	21 14	19.. 7 16	20 11
9..10 17	23 14	20.. 1 6	14 7
10.. 6 10	25 22	21.. 6 13	7 2
11..17 21	22 17	White wins.	
	(1)		
15.. 1 6	(c)13 9	18.. 3 10	18 14
16.. 6 13	28 18	19.. 2 7	32 28
17.. 7 11	14 7	White wins.	
	(2)		
17.. 1 6	32 27	18.. 6 13	27 23
White wins.			

NOTE BY E. R. JACQUES.

(a) This move kills Black beyond the hope of redemption.
(b) The "Buffalo Luminary" has attempted to show a draw for Black by this move, but has signally failed.—ED. CLIP.
(c) A fine move.—ED. CLIP.

Solution of Position No. 37—Vol. XII.

BY J. H. BURNHAM.

White.	Black.	White.	Black.
1..10 to 6	1 to 10	5..21 to 7	15 to 18
2.. 9 6	2 9	6..27 32	20 27
3.. 5 7	3 10	7..32 14,	
4..17 21	26 17	and wins.	

Match Games.

BETWEEN J. McINTOSH AND J. McGREGOR.

Black—J. McI.		White—J. McG.
8.. 8 11		27 24
9.. 3 7		32 28

SECOND GAME.

Black—J. McG.		White—J. McI.
9..15 24		28 19
10..10 15		19 10
11.. 6 18		17 10
12.. 7 14		

Position No. 38, Vol. XII.

BY J. H. BURNHAM.

END GAME.

BLACK.—MR. H.

WHITE.—J. H. [illegible] and wins.
White to [illegible]

The 47th Position

OF DRUMMOND, [illegible]

WHITE.
Black to move [illegible]

Solution of Drummond's 46th Position.

THIRD EDITION.

Black.	White.
1.. 2 to 7	11 to 2
2..26 22	2 9
3..22 26, and wins.	

THE GAME OF CHESS.

To Correspondents.

COMMON SENSE.—Masey-sake-a-live! "A harmless game, coyned only for delight" seems to have aroused your critical propensities to a most unsalled for extent. "Too much lager does [not] seem to be shoost right." After such a formidable array of *dicta*, all duly numbered and paragraphed, what light you can possibly expect us to give you on the subject we cannot guess—perhaps go to *Bell's Life* and demand how they came by the game.

WM. JOHNSTON.—Again most welcome. You will lay us under lasting obligations by noting and forwarding to us from time to time such games as you speak of—not neglecting your own occasionally. Can you give us more particulars of the Paulsen Club?

NEW YORK CHESS CLUB.—There is now in progress a Tournament in this standard Club. The entrance fee was two dollars, one half to be appropriated as a prize to the chief winner, the other half to go to the Club's treasury. Odds are to be given to the weaker players, each is to contest two games with every competitor; and the one who can show the most victories at the close, takes half the entrance fund as a prize. When circumstances favor we are promised some of the best players' contests by an esteemed contributor.

OUR PROBLEM.—Our contributor says of this week's Problem:—"A position almost identical with this occurred in actual play between myself and an amateur of this city [Memphis], and I gave a mate similar to this over the board."

ST. JAMES CHESS CLUB.—This young but highly prosperous metropolitan club held its annual meeting and dinner near the close of last year; when its reports in numbers, strength, influence and financial prosperity showed it worthy to stand at least on an equality with the most successful societies in the history of Chess for the diffusion of sound knowledge of the game, coupled with rapidly increasing popularity and appreciation, and a rising standard of practice. In matches of all sorts, and agreeable *reunions* promoted, the St. James stands unrivalled; the mainspring and guiding spirit in this usefulness and prosperity, being its able, courteous and indefatigable President, Herr J. Loewenthal.

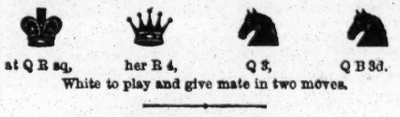
ANOTHER PHILADELPHIA MATCH.—A match has just been concluded at the Mercantile Library between Mr. J. I. Jellett, the chief victor in the Philadelphia Club's late Tourney, and Mr. H. C. Montgomery, Mr. J. giving the odds of 4 games to start with; 7 games to carry the victory. This is pretty steep on odds of a surety. The first we heard of the match from our Philadelphia exchanges, actual play had given Mr. Jellett 4, Mr. Montgomery 1. The last arrival announces Mr. J. 6; Mr. M. 3, which, with the 4 given, just barely wins the match for Mr. M.

Enigma No. 463.

Suggested in actual play and inscribed to beginners.

BY A. E. HUGGINS.

at his B sq. K R 7, Q Kt sq, K B 2, Q R 6th.



at Q R sq, her R 4, Q 8, Q B 3d.

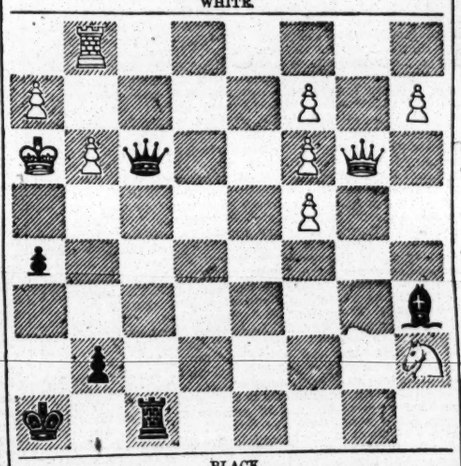
White to play and give mate in two moves.

Problem No. 463.

"THE NEW IRONSIDES."

BY JACOB ELSON.

WHITE.



BLACK.

Black to play and give mate in four moves.

Game No. 463.

Recently contested in the New York Chess Club between Mr. Hosmer, a strong amateur of Illinois, and our contributor, Wm. Johnston.

EVANS GAMBIT.

Attack, Mr. Hosmer.	Defence, Mr. Johnston.	Attack, Mr. Hosmer.	Defence, Mr. Johnston.
1..P to K 4	P to K 4	25..K R to K 5	K R × R (b)
2..K Kt-B 3	Q Kt-B 3	26..Q × K R	Kt-K B 3
3..K B-B 4	K B-B 4	27..R-Q B sq	R-K sq
4..P-Q Kt 4	B × Kt P	28..Q × B P	R-K 8 +
5..P-Q B 3	B-Q B 4	29..R-his R 2	Q R × R
6..Castles	P-Q 3	30..Q × Q R	Q-her 6 +
7..P-Q 4	K P × P	31..R-his R sq	Q × Q P
8..B P × P	B-Q Kt 3	32..Q-B 8 +	K-his B 2
9..Q B-Kt 2	K Kt-B 3	33..Q-B 7 +	K Kt-Q 2
10..P-K 5	Q P × P	34..Q-her B 3	Q-her 8 +
11..P-Q 5 (a)	Q Kt-R 4	35..K-his R 2	Q-her 3 +
12..K Kt × P	Castles	36..P-K Kt 3	Kt-K B 3
13..Q Kt-B 3	Q Kt × B	37..Q-Kt 3 +	Q-her 4
14..K Kt × Kt	Q B-B 4	38..Q-her B 3	P-K Kt 4
15..Q-K B 3	B-K Kt 3	39..Q-B 7 +	K-Kt 3
16..K Kt-K 5	K B-Q 5	40..Q-B 2 +	Q-R 5
17..Kt × Q B	B P × Kt	41..Q-her 2	P-K B 4
18..Q R-Q sq	K B-K 4	42..Q B-home	Q-K B 4
19..K R-K sq	Q-her 3	43..P-Q R 3	Kt-K 5
20..P-K B 3	Kt-K R 4	44..Q-K 3	Kt × B P
21..Q-K 3	K B × Kt	45..Q × R P	Kt × R P
22..Q × K B	K R-K sq	46..Q × Kt P	Q-Q B 7 +
23..Q-her Kt 3	Q-her Kt 3	47..K × Kt (c), and the Defence mates in two moves.	
24..Q-her B 3	Q R-Q sq		

Notes, by our contributor.

We played a back game, correcting the last move of the Attack, as follows:—

46..	Q to B 7 +	50..Q to B 5 +	K to his R 3
47..Q to K Kt 2	Q × Q B	51..Q-K 6 +	P-K Kt 3
48..Q × K Kt	Q × R P	52..Q-Kt 8	Q-Kt 7 +
49..Q-K 6 +	K-his R 2	53..K-Kt sq, and we thought	

that in course of time the Pawns *might* win; but it looks to me as though he might get a draw by perpetual (ch).

(a) This seems to be a new form of the opening.
(b) The Attack is now exhausted.
(c) An evident miscalculation.

Parties in the Philadelphia match, Mr. Reichhelm giving Q B to Mr. H. C. Montgomery.—*Evening Bulletin.*

PHILIDOR'S DEFENCE.

Reichhelm.	Montgomery.	Reichhelm.	Montgomery.
1..P to K 4	P to K 4	17..K B × Q	K B to K 2
2..K Kt-B 3	P-Q 3	18..Kt-Q B 3	P-Q B 3
3..P-Q 4	Q B-Kt 5	19..K B-B 4	Kt-Q B 4
4..K B-B 4	Q B × Kt	20..P-Q Kt 4	P-Q 4
5..Q × Q B	Q-K B 3	21..B × Q 1st P	B P × B
6..Q-her Kt 3	P-Q Kt 3	22..Kt P × Kt	B × K sq (f)
7..Castles	Q Kt-Q 2	23..Kt × Q P (g)	K × K R
8..P-K B 4	P × Q P	24..R-B 7 +	K-Q 2
9..P-K 5	Q-K B 4	25..Kt × Q R	B-Kt 5 (h)
10..P-K 6 (d)	B P × P!	27..P-K Kt 4	P-Q 7
11..K B × P	Q-Q sq	28..B × Q P	K B × B
12..K B-K Kt 5	P-Q 6 dis +	29..P-K B 5	K-Q B sq
13..K-his R sq	Q × B P	30..K-Kt 2	a-Kt 2
14..K-his R sq	Q-K 7 (e)	31..Kt × Kt P	R P × Kt, and
15..Q-K 6	Q × Q	(g) Defence wins the *partie.*	
16..R-K sq		Force.	

(d) The Attack now wins a piece he would have been answered
(e) Had he played 15..Q takes d, by 17..P to B 6th, threatening
16..R to K sq; and, on Kt time game.
18..B to Kt 6th, with a w
(f) A well played save been more advisable,
(g) R to Q sq w[illegible] decides the game,
(h) This mov[illegible]

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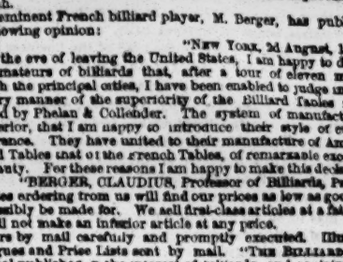

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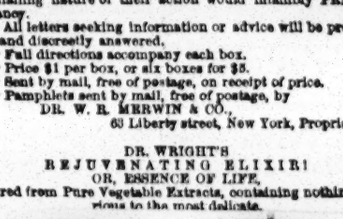

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City Summary.

MONDAY, January 16, 1865.

IN THE PRESENT excited state of the community touching coal oil, gold, Weed-Opdyke, the Scheldt dues, Hecker and the street cleaners, murders and peace propositions, skating and shooting, internal revenue, with its extra five-per-cent. attachment, etc., it is a wonder how the theatres and minstrel halls, with their present stale and worn-out bills of fare, manage to do such good business as they are now and have been doing for some time past. Two or three plays almost serve to run a season through at some of our theatres, whilst the minstrel halls, or at least that company which is supposed to be at the head of the business in this city, manufacture new pieces out of old ones by merely changing the titles—and their jokes are as thread-bare as the coats of some of our returned prisoners. Why, years ago, when minstrelsy was comparatively in its infancy, we had really more genuine wit in our "Nigger Bands"—more variety and change—than we have now! Minstrels have increased wonderfully; but their entertainments, judging by the performance of the metropolitan party referred to, have not improved in quality. The theatres, too, occasionally give us an old play with a new name, and we accept it as a novelty: of really meritorious concoctions we have been favored with very few since the war set in. It would appear that dramatists are scarce; but we do not believe that is the sole cause of complaint. Writers can be found if managers will "pay the price"—at least so say the former class; but, as the Colonel says, they're "prejudiced." Be this as it may—be our amusements good or mediocre—the people continue to patronise them, and oftentimes those plays and those entertainments least deserving of favor draw the best. In such case, perhaps, managers are not so blame if they run old pieces, stale gags, and such things; but still, our own people—the permanent population of New York—have some claim upon managerial attention to *their* interests. Stars seldom give us anything fresh; to be sure, we get something now and then which is called new; but, after all, it's only a rehash—the old ideas worked up in another form—that's all. Yet we go to see them—go to see the stars, and their star pieces, which, in many instances, have been better performed without the stars, by regular stock companies. Our amusements are scarcely up to what a great city like New York requires. The "provincial towns," as we term other cities, frequently surpass us in the quality of their dramatic entertainments, while our so-called best minstrel troupe is far inferior to several bands now in successful operation outside of the "Metropolis." Is this just "the thing" for the "greatest city in the Union?" Is it proper that we should be behind other cities in the quality of our amusements? We have frequently heard the remark made by strangers visiting our places of amusement that they had witnessed much better performances at home, and in some instances it was no doubt true. As for Nigger gags, no city offers so many or such ludicrous subjects for local hits as New York; there is always some new excitement, some great public movement, or trickery going on which afford our minstrel bands ample scope for the exercise of their wit, supposing them to be possessed of any; yet they keep in the old routine, telling the same gags, which were stale, perhaps, when they first got hold of them. People are beginning to remark these things; they begin to express dissatisfaction, and intimate that if so far as better prices are paid for admission, they should have at least fresh performances. When E. P. Christy had the way of such entertainments in New York he gave us new ballads quite frequently, ballads which at once, from their simple melody, and touching pathos, came into public favor, and became favorites in the drawing rooms, in concerts, in bands, in the streets, and almost everywhere. Nearly all the popular ballads of that day had their starting point in this city, and afterwards ran their course throughout the entire length and breadth of the land. It is not so now; we occasionally introduce a new song, but in most cases we are now indebted to other cities for our popular ballads. The mantle of E. P. Christy has fallen upon no managerial shoulders in this city, and originality in eccentric Ethiopianism here died out apparently, when the lamented Jerry Bryant departed this life.

NOW THAT Weed and Opdyke have been liberally billed, their peculiarities and talents more fully brought to the notice of the public, would it not be worth the consideration of Mr. Barnum to engage those two capital ring performers, and show them up with the Museum curiosities at 50 cents a head, children under 10, 15 cents? Wouldn't it? Such ground and lofty tumbling, such wire-working, and such comic [illegible] as this clever duo of performers are capable of accomplishing, are a trifle ahead of the professional's manner of doing such things. By all means, let Barnum show 'em up.

THE REMAINS of Mrs. Eddy, whose death in New Orleans was recorded in our last, reached this city in the early part of the week, and were interred in a private manner on Wednesday, Jan. 11th, in a vault at Wilton, Westchester county.

MISS MAUDE STANLEY, who made her first appearance in this city on the 9th inst., at the Varieties, achieved a decided success; her songs, which were given in a truly artistic manner, received unbounded and genuine applause. As a vocalist she is certainly a most valuable acquisition to our list of music hall celebrities; indeed, we are only surprised that she has not aimed at a higher position, for she is fully equal in execution, taste, and voice to many vocalists who have made their mark at our first class concerts. "On, Stanley, on."

THE PUBLIC are to have another opportunity of seeing "How She Loves Him" and "Rosedale," at Wallack's. The public seem to take to "Rosedale" most.

FOR INSTANCE, what more instructive exhibition can be given the people than such a collection of animated nature as may now be seen from 10 to 10, every day, at Van Amburgh's Menagerie? Truly it is a live show of living wonders, from the overgrown elephant to the wide-awake weasel; from the silent mice to the roaring lion. The recent additions, the double-humped camels and the lion-slaying baboon, have received considerable attention from the curious in such matters, their comments being as odd as the animals themselves. One doesn't know how *little* one *does* know about natural history until he hears some one who knows still less, explain things in *his* way; you will always find such "well-informed" people in Menageries, Museums, and Lunch Rooms. The Bactrian Camels and the Hamadryas Baboon give greater variety to Van Amburgh's vast collection, admittance to all of which, as the high Dutch say, is only "25 cents a person." P. S.—Easy as it may be for a camel to go through the eye of a needle, these huge double-back fellows would get stuck before they got half way. A fact.

TALKING ABOUT worn-out gags, why is the foundation of a worn-out shoe like brevity? Because it's the sole of it.

INNOCENT READER, "be thou as pure as snow, as chaste as ice, thou shalt not escape calumny," nor bear false witness against thy neighbor. We are unintentionally led to these remarks after wading through the evidence elicited on the recent Opdyke-Weed *orgies*. If we are to credit the witnesses and the lawyers, the leading actors in this sensational drama in real life are greater rogues than any to be found in "The Streets of New York," as now presented at Mrs. Wood's Olympic Theatre, and which has succeeded in attracting such large audiences to that house. There was many a "sleeping beauty" on the unfortunate jury supposed to have listened to the Weed-Opdyke evidence, but Mrs. Wood is now engaged in preparing a "Sleeping Beauty" that will eclipse them all. The new spectacle will play "Wood up" in her most attractive form. The "Sleeping Beauty" will be called on or about the 30th, when the Olympic will witness such a general awakening of the public as will give new life to the fair manager and her "indefatigable treasurer." Wide awake there, for the coming spectacle.

PROF. HUTCHINGS, the lightning calculator, and the Irish Giant, arrived in this city on the 7th, from California.

THE NEW SPECTACLE shortly to be produced at Mrs. Wood's Theatre, is entitled "Sleeping Beauty." Louisa Browne, the popular *danseuse*, and formerly of the Old Bowery, has been engaged expressly for this piece.

JOHNNY PIERCE, Ethiopian comedian, sails by the steamer of the 21st, for New Orleans, to join the company at Allinson's Music Hall.

MR. GLENN, the alto singer of Wood's Minstrels, leaves that institution this week to go to Philadelphia to join Carncross and Dixey's Minstrels. Glenn has been connected with Wood's Minstrels ever since the present Hall on Broadway was opened, and during his stay there has become very popular with the audience. Although he makes no pretensions above his business of Alto Singer, yet he has, on a great many occasions during the past year, owing to the shortcomings of one of the end men, who was unable to keep his "end up," taken the business of End Man, and notwithstanding he had to sing in the quartette, play tambourine and sing a comic song, as well as to appear in the funny business in the Olio, yet he bravely stood it and appeared with much satisfaction to all.

THE PUBLIC AND PROFESSION having nobly responded to the call lately made upon them to bring to a successful termination two benefits, one in aid of Mr. Chas. Peters, and the other for Mr. Rumsey, have another opportunity now of assisting one who is really deserving, and to whom a benefit would be a real benefit indeed. We refer to the widow of the late Charley Fox, Ethiopian comedian. Mrs. Fox, at the time of his death, was left in the deepest distress, and is at the present time sadly in want. We are sorry to hear of the manner in which, as a body, the minstrel profession treated poor Charley at his funeral. With but very few exceptions, hardly a performer went near him during his short illness, and when he was dead, few—very few—called to see him! Whatever may have been his faults, he was a sociable fellow, a good husband; and, as a member of the profession, he deserved a little respect, when dead, from the hands of those with whom he had associated in his brightest days, and several of whom he had "many a time and oft" assisted when in want. His widow is now left without any visible means of support, and it is to be hoped that a benefit will be gotten up for her.

A SCENIC ARTIST advertises in this issue for a situation. See advertisement.

A COMPLIMENTARY BENEFIT has been tendered to Willie Henderson by the Columbia Dramatic Association, to take place at Willo's Saloon on Wednesday, 18th inst.

MR. HACKETT proposes to give an entertainment on Monday evening, Jan. 23d, in aid of the fund for the construction of a monument to Shakespeare. The programme will comprise recitations, readings, anecdotes, etc., and Mr. H. will go it alone. The Church of the Messiah has been secured.

A COMPANY OF MINSTRELS was advertised for in the dailies last week, salaries to be paid in gold! This is the first indication of a return to specie payment.

JOHN GILBERT assumes the stage management at Wallack's, vice Mr. Lester, promoted. If he makes as good a manager as he is an actor, nothing will suffer by the change.

NOTWITHSTANDING that a nipping and an eager air prevails, "Hamlet" keeps on his nightly walks at the Winter Garden, in the presence of select and enthusiastic audiences. Already Booth's "Hamlet" has had a longer run in this city than Fechter's had in London. That a single creation of Shakespeare's genius should hold the boards for such a length of time as "Hamlet" has already been before us is a matter of wonder, when we look at the sensational character of the age. It gives evidence of an improvement in public taste, and that is something in these days. Booth's "Hamlet" is a clever piece of work, and those who have not yet seen it have certainly missed a great dramatic treat.

MANY OF THOSE who composed that happy throng you saw on the lake of ice at the Central Park yesterday, you will find in attendance at Niblo's Garden during the week, to witness Mr. and Mrs. Barney Williams in their new drama of "The Shamrock," which, whether good or bad, attracts large and apparently delighted audiences. The scenery is a great point in helping along the new play; indeed, without the scenic effects it would not prove half so interesting. The songs by Mr. and Mrs. W. receive as much applause as those performers could ask for, and were they to give heed to the *encores* they might keep on singing all night.

DID YOU EVER see a "Punch and Judy" show? If you are of English persuasion, you have seen the show most assuredly, for it is as popular in that country as whiskey is in this. Well, Mr. Barnum has got hold of a "Punch and Judy," which he will exhibit to his patrons on the 18th.....'The Ring of Fate" will come to an end on the 21st; it has met with great success, and is to be withdrawn only to make room for fresh attractions.....Tim Hayes gives a new clog dance; the Woodroffe Bohemians introduce new specimens of glass blowing; the fat women also do a little blowing and puffing; the living skeleton still lives; while the giant boy overlooks everything.

LEVI NORTH, just from the West, arrived East last week, and was in town on the 14th, with Geo. W. De Haven, circus manager. They came here to make some purchases for their United Circus, which it is expected will start out from Beaver Dam, Wisconsin, about the middle of April. Young Levi, a chip of the old block, and said to be a very clever equestrian performer, will appear with the show during the coming season. Mr. North will also introduce his new trick horse "Star," said to be a splendid creature, which he has had in training for several months.

"BLUE BEARD" grows in favor at the Hippotheatron, despite the barbarous practices of that cruel tyrant. Combined with the usual ring performances, the pantomime helps to make a very enjoyable entertainment.

"EVER OF THEE, I'm fondly dreaming," sang a beautiful peri whom we once took to hear Heller play some of his favorite pieces on the piano. *Before* that, she was dreaming *over* of us, showing how little a matter may change the current of true love. But *nous verrons*, as old pop Grimshaw would say, it has made no change in our feelings towards Heller or his entertainment, for we still go to the *Salle Diabolique*, still enjoy his music, his magic and his wit, and still bask in the sunshine of other peries. Heller has thrown off the clown's disguise, thrown off the pantomime, thrown off in *toto* the old programme, and this week introduces us to an entirely new one, embracing new tricks, new solos, and new expositions of legerdemain; among the rest, showing you how to cut off your nose agreeably. Upon the discussion of this subject, in olden times, originated that beautiful couplet:

"Says Aaron to Moses, let's cut off our noses—
Says Moses to Aaron, 'tis the fashion to wear 'em."

But let us learn from Heller how to do the feat agreeably.

"THE LIVE INDIAN" still follows in the trail of "Solon Shingle," the latter making one of the best runs on record. To be sure the Broadway is not so densely crowded as it was during the early period of Solon's career, but still the houses are good, and quite remunerative to the management. We shall welcome the intrusion of the gentleman of "hope I *don't* intrude" proclivities, whenever it shall please Mr. Owens to show him up, for "Paul Pry," we hear, is to come after old "Shingle," as well as the "Live Indian."

THE HANLON BROTHERS—George, William, Thomas and Alfred—whose graceful and extraordinary acrobatic and gymnastic feats created such a sensation in this country a few years ago, arrived here on the 13th, in the steamer China, from Liverpool, England, after an absence of several years, during which time they have appeared in California, South America, etc. For a year or so they have been enjoying their *otium cum dignitate* in Europe. Should they appear in public again they will probably introduce some novelty never witnessed in this country before, and which will far surpass all their past performances.

PERHAPS you would like to learn how to dance a jig, or a clog dance, or something of that kind. If so, Clifford will speak to you on the subject at 551 Broadway. See Mr. Clifford's card in another column.

THE DISCHARGE of "Jimmy" from the White House, or the "retiring" of Gen. Butler from the Army of the James, have had no visible effect upon our city amusements. "The Hudson," who has just completed a two weeks' engagement at the New Bowery, has done so well that she has been re-engaged, and appears to-night as Jack Sheppard on horseback, and as Naramattah, in the drama of that name.....On the 13th, Leo had a benefit, when she performed in two pieces, "Rookwood," and the "French Spy," to a house full of people. It was a hard night's work for her, but she got through very cleverly. As "Jack Sheppard" is a standard piece on the Bowery slope, "The Hudson" will find it a paying card, especially with her steed, who will help to give it a run.

A NEW BURLESQUE on the "Live Indian," entitled "Jim Crow Alive Again," will be produced to-night at the Varieties. W. B. Cavanagh is the author. The characters, including Toby Bean, Miss Kreen-oh-Leen, and Jim Crow, all cast to the full strength of—Mr. Frank Kerns, who is recorded as having performed the same "before the erection of the Pyramids of Egypt." The *ballet* at this house is well worth seeing; they are said to display "the splendor of the Orient and the mellowed loveliness of the vesper hour." Let us all take a look at those Oriental pearls and vesper hour lasses.

MISS FANNY HERRING concluded her long engagement at the Old Bowery on the 14th. Her benefit on the 13th was an immense affair; the attendance must have satisfied the lady that she has hosts of friends, while her reception on that evening was an indication that she will always meet with a hearty welcome if She goes to Canada to fulfil given this week.....The great Indian drama of "Waconsta" is up for this evening, with J. B. Studley in the leading part. Miss Emma Reignolds has been added to the company.

IF YOU HAVE NO WOOL in the place where it should grow; or if it is of a different color, texture, length, etc., than that which you desire when impersonating niggers, Yorkshire clodhoppers, or Yankee peddlars, go to Paul de Spotte and get one of his wigs. He can beat any Scotchman at curling, if they play his game. See his advertisement for address, etc.

HENRY COOK'S performing dogs and monkeys having terminated a brilliant engagement at the Hippotheatron in this city, can be secured by managers of circuses or music halls for brief engagements by addressing Conner & Lea.

THE TACON THEATRE, Havana, has been leased by three gentlemen for the purpose of giving minstrel performances, for the first time in that elegant structure. A company has been formed in this city, and they leave on the steamer of the 18th inst.

MR. FRANK EDWARDS, known all over the country as advance agent for minstrel bands and other shows, has been taken into partnership with Mr. R. Williams, costumer, and has opened an office at 833 Broadway, where parties wishing to hire wardrobe for theatrical representations, balls, parties, etc., can always find a good supply. He also intends devoting a portion of his time to the dramatic, musical and Ethiopian professions, by supplying managers with talent, and getting a "posish" for those who are in want. Mr. Edwards, aside from being well acquainted with professionals, is an enterprising, go-ahead young man, and we hope he may be successful in his new line of business.

THE COMPLIMENTARY BENEFIT tendered Mr. Rumsey came off at Campbell's Minstrel Hall on the afternoon of the 12th inst., and was a great success. Every volunteer that was on the bills—with but one exception—put in an appearance. The entertainment given was a most excellent one, embracing, as it did, all of Campbell's Minstrels, as well as some of the leading performers of Wood's, and Bryants' Minstrels of this city, and Hooley's Minstrels, Brooklyn. The lower part of the hall was crowded, while the gallery was comfortably filled. Previous to the performance, the 1st Brigade Band of the 3d Div. 15th Army Corps, which happened to be in this city on a furlough, volunteered and appeared in front of the hall, and discoursed most excellent music. Mr. E. O. Kimberly, a member of the band, was formerly one of Mr. Rumsey's minstrel boys. The amount of money taken at the hall for tickets was $227. The amount realized was $598, including monies sent by letter from parties out of town.

WOOD'S MINSTRELS present their patrons with a lively bill of fare this week, and also give us a variety of the most pleasing ballads of the day. We hear that some extra attractions are shortly to be offered, which ought to make this troupe the king pins.

HOOLEY & CAMPBELL'S MINSTRELS give a fresh entertainment this week, being the first under the new management. Their hall, which is a neat and comfortable place, is situated on the Bowery, opposite Spring street.

Dramatic.

GILBERT'S MELODEON, situated on the corner of Clay and Kearny streets, San Francisco, has been leased by Wm. Worrell, and transformed into a neat little theatre, with a new stage, private boxes, parquet, and orchestra seats. A broad staircase from the street has been put up, and the interior handsomely arranged. The seats are convenient and comfortable, and have capacity for about seven hundred persons. The opening took place on Dec. 20th, and attracted a crowded house. It is now known as Worrell's Olympic. The company consists of Jennie, Sophie and Irene Worrell, Fred Franks, Stephenson, Woodhull, Mitchell, Lewis, Henry Coad, Misses Fredericks, and Kate Archer, and Mrs. Everard.

MAGUIRE'S ACADEMY OF MUSIC, San Francisco, was opened by Sherry Corbyn on Dec. 19th, with the following company: Mesdames Fanny Morgan, Phelps, Judah, and E. F. Stewart; Misses Francis R. Gass, and Wilson; Messrs. Frank Lawlor, A. R. Phelps, W. H. Brown, E. N. Thayer, Pierpont Thayer, J. Torrence, G. White, and W. Belmore. Fanny Brown was the opening star. The pieces performed were "A Day After the Wedding" and the "School of Reform," with Fanny Brown as Lady Freelove, and Frank Lawlor as Bob Tyke. On Dec. 21st "The Ticket of Leave Man" was produced, with Fanny Brown as Sam Willoughby, and Lawlor as Bob Brierly.

THOMAS MAGUIRE was in court, Dec 19th, in San Francisco, for a violation of the Sunday law, by giving theatrical entertainments on that day, and was fined $50. This light fine was imposed in consideration of the defendant's promise to close his theatre on Sunday in the future. The other theatre proprietors who were held under similar charges, entered the plea of "guilty" to one charge each, the additional cases being dismissed, and they were all fined the same as Mr. Maguire, $50 each.

ALL THE THEATRES in San Francisco were closed on Sunday, Dec. 18th, the first time in fifteen years.

MR. J. H. WARWICK took a benefit and a farewell of the stage on Dec. 16th, at Maguire's Opera House, San Francisco, appearing as Giles in "Old and New Love," and as Iago in the third act of "Othello." The house was crowded. Mr. Warwick is now giving private instructions in dramatic and poetic readings and the art of oratory, in that city.

WE LEARN from a friend in Baltimore that the Secretary of War has given a permit to a gentleman well known in the profession to reopen the Savannah Theatre, and that steps are taken to that effect. Jacob Elson seems to have given up the project, he being sick at the hospital.

THINGS DRAMATICAL in Pittsburgh are chronicled by our correspondent "Idaho" thuswise, his letter bearing date Jan. 13: "Miss Annie Eberle's benefit on the 6th was, as I predicted in my last, a bumper, and I doubt much if the curtain ever rose to a more packed house than it did on this occasion. Miss Eberle performed the character of Joan of Arc with the same studious care and detail as is her wont, and was loudly called before the curtain at the conclusion of the piece. Saturday night's bill was 'muchly,' it being 'Ingomar the Barbarian,' 'The Forty Thieves' and 'Robert Macaire,' and drew forth a large house.....Mr. Neafie, the American actor, made his appearance on the 9th, appearing as Hamlet, to a very good house; since which he has appeared in his usual round of characters, Macbeth, Corsican Brothers, Black-eyed Susan, Jack Cade, and to-night for his benefit he appears in the three-act drama of the 'Advocate and Orphan,' with 'Don Cæsar De Bazan' for the afterpiece.....'The Ticket of Leave Man' is underlined."

THE WALLACK-DAVENPORT ALLIANCE have been playing at the Walnut Street Theatre, Philadelphia, to good houses. J. W. Wallack has appeared in his speciality of the "Iron Mask," and as James V., in the "King of the Commons;" John Mildmay, in "Still Waters Run Deep," and as Don Cæsar, in "Don Cæsar de Bazan." E. L. Davenport has shown in "Hamlet," "Othello," "Damon and Pythias," and the "Scalp Hunters." In all these plays Messrs. Davenport and Wallack have been ably supported by Miss Rose Eytinge. Our correspondent, "Lucifer," remarks: "I have not had the pleasure of seeing Miss Eytinge perform since the 'Duke's Motto' was produced at the Chestnut, under the management of Wheatley, and I am happy to say that I find her greatly improved. While at the Chestnut her acting was careless, without animation, and in many instances decidedly bad, but now I find her animated, careful, painstaking, and rapidly improving. Wallack and Davenport need no criticism, as their acting in the characters they performed last week is well known. They remain with us next week."

THE WARREN COMBINATION, at the Chestnut, Philadelphia, have given the "Heir at Law," "London Assurance," "Babes in the Woods," "She Stoops to Conquer," "Look Before You Leap," "Lend Me Five Shillings," "Dundreary's Picnic," "Nursery Chickweed," and the "Clockmaker's Hat." William Warren, by his admirable acting, continues to retain his pretensions as among the first of American comedians. Charles Barron, Miss Orton, and Miss Mestayer performed throughout the week admirably. .....Monday, 16th, Junius Brutus Booth commences as the Duke of Gloster, in "Richard III.;" Richmond, Frank Mordaunt; Buckingham, H. S. Murdock.....Helen Western is to follow J. B. Booth, and during her engagement especial pains will be taken in the production of the "French Spy."..... The testimonial benefit to Mr. Foster, on Wednesday afternoon, Jan. 11th, was a great success. Lucille Western having volunteered, appeared as Lucretia Borgia, in the tragedy of the same name, and Warren and Miss Orton appeared in "Nursery Chickweed," which, by the bye, is a most uninteresting farce.....Wednesday and Saturday afternoon performances are to be given now at this theatre, the first to take place Wednesday, 18th, at two o'clock, when "Beauty and the Beast" will be brought out, Miss Germon as Beauty.

AT THE ARCH, Philadelphia, Peter and Caroline Richings appeared last week to immense audiences. "The National Guard," "The Bonny Fishwife," "Peggy Green," and "The Enchantress" were given. Miss Richings' songs were loudly applauded, as was also her admirable acting. Mr. Richings is clever, but his voice is not as clear, and his enunciation not as perfect as might be wished. Mr. Carden, as Don Silvio, in the "Enchantress," was good, as was also Mr. Griffiths, as the Doctor, although, says "Lucifer," "I hardly like to hear as much gagging as occurred on Saturday night. Be more careful in future, Mr. G., and don't give us *too* much, even of a *good* thing. The gentlemen who performed Mushroom, the Master Fool, and the Negro, were lamentably poor.....Monday, 16th, the 'Enchantress' will be repeated. .....The coming (present) is the last week of the engagement of the Richings, when, on their departure, we shall have Barton Hill and Mrs. John Drew, in 'Rosedale.'"

MRS. D. P. BOWERS concluded a signally prosperous engagement at the Norfolk, Va., Opera House, on the 7th, repeating her excellent rendition in "East Lynne"—of the dual characters, Lady Isabel and Madame Vine—which for truly magnificent energy and the proper infusing of the several qualities necessary is not excelled by the many personations of the same.....On the 9th, E. N. Marston, low comedian of the establishment, presented himself as a *benefisiaire*, and satisfactory must have been the result, an overflowing house, which was in decided sympathy throughout the performance, which was sufficiently long to merit unqualified approbation of "ye Bowery boys," being Pratt's five act "Ten Nights in a Bar Room," "The Little Sentinel," and "Tom Cringle's Log.".....On the 10th and 11th, "The Streets of New York," now the attraction at our Olympic, was produced with its scenic requirements pretty well attended to, says our correspondent "Thespian:"—"Although it may be parenthetically suggested that a better selection than a garden scene should have been made for the meeting place of Livingstone, Miss Bloodgood and Paul in the 3d act. Its attractiveness here was not confirmatory of partiality evinced in your city, and it was succeeded on the 12th by 'Still Waters Run Deep' and 'Married Life.'..... Mrs. Fred. Meek's benefit was announced for the 13th, when 'The Ticket of Leave Man,' and 'The Married Rake' were the staple offerings, with attractive go betweens of singing and dancing. The lady appeared in her original part here of May Edwards, and also as Mrs. Trictrac, and was deservedly successful, professionally and pecuniarily. The drama was cast greatly inferior to its former representations here. Mrs. Meek and the Marstons (Green Jones and Sam,) being the only original members remaining of former disposition of characters. Taylor attempted Jem Dalton, but his effective disguises were destroyed by mouthing "Taylorisms," which creep in all his portrayals at the expense of professional success. Fannin's Bob Brierly was a very uneven performance, and, though giving a good dialect, and the various matters of business with commendable taste, there was wanting the quiet strokes of pathos to render it a thorough picture. Mr. Gibson, by George Fisher, was given with his usual ability. This gentleman is an excellent representative of old men, and would be a valuable acquisition to the metropolitan stage; its to be regretted he has now a treacherous memory, which frequently plays him false.....Chanfrau commences a three weeks' engagement on the 16th."

MRS. SOPHIE EDWIN, after a sequestration of three months, made her *re-entree* at Maguire's Opera House, on Dec. 11th, as the heroine in the drama of "Little Barefoot," and was the recipient of a welcome that went by spontaneous acclamation. Harry Courtaine, after a vicissitudinous lapse of three years, was warmly received.

"EAST LYNNE" was produced on Dec. 19th, at Maguire's Opera House, San Francisco, with Sophie Edwin as Lady Isabel.

MISS JENNIE PARKER'S engagement at the Academy of Music, Albany, has proved a most brilliant one. She appeared there on the 9th inst., in the romantic drama of the "Jewess," and met with a favorable reception. When the "Jewess" was first produced it was only intended for [illegible] throughout the week, and [illegible] on Saturday, the 14th, at a matinee. The piece was most admirably put upon the stage, and the costumes, scenery and tableaux were creditable in every respect.

THE CAMPBELL & CASTLE OPERA TROUPE commence at the Opera House, Buffalo, on the 18th, with the "Bohemian Girl," and continue there ten nights.

THE WARREN COMEDY COMBINATION hold forth this week at the Metropolitan Theatre, Buffalo.

THE "DEAD HEART" was in active preparation last week at the Academy of Music, Albany. Mr. McKee Rankin is to make his first appearance in that city in the leading *role*.

THE EVANSVILLE, Ind., Theatre, is under the management of Golden and Pierce. J. L. Barrett and Bella Golden were playing there on the 9th inst.

CECILE RUSH was fulfilling a star engagement last week at the Metropolitan Theatre, Elmira, N. Y. On the 13th she took a benefit, and played "Leah." She continues there the present week, and produces "Fanchon" and "Ida Lee."

CHARLES WHEATLEIGH terminated his engagement at the Victoria Theatre, V. I., Dec 8th, and arrived in San Francisco on the 14th. He has been engaged by Mr. Maguire, and was at last advices about to commence a series of new (to that city) plays, including "Narcisse," "How Sh Loves Him," and "Taming a Butterfly."

MISS ANNETTE INCE and Frank Lawlor were announced to take their departure from San Francisco on Jan. 12th, for New York.

MR. AND MRS. CHARLES KEA played in the "Merchant of Venice" on Dec. 6th, at the Portland, Oregon, Theatre, and charged the moderate admission fee of three dollars. The house was crowded.

LAURA KEENE concluded her engagement on the 7th at the Opera House, Columbus, Ohio, with the "Sea of Ice." Our correspondent says:—"Her engagement was not what might be termed brilliant. However, the business for the two weeks of her engagement was fair."

THE well-known manager, John A. Ellsler, has leased the Opera House at Columbus, Oh. and will open shortly. The following is a list of his company: Simcoe Lee, Evelyn Evans, James Lewis, Leslie Gossin, Richard Stephens, G. B. Hudson, T. V. Jones, C. B. Martin, M. Wm. C. Heybern, E. A. Locke, Miss. Rebecca Adams, Emma Ellsler, Mrs. Bradshaw, Minnie Lannier, Blanche Bradshaw, Isabella Swift, Clara Morrison, Ada Jones, Annie Kyser, Hattie McKee, &c.....Ellsler's Athenæum, which has been fitted up beautifully, will in all probability be unoccupied the balance of the season.

MANAGER KUNKEL gave a benefit on Thursday afternoon, the 12th inst., at the Front Street theatre, Baltimore, for the families of the unfortunate men who were lately killed in that city by the falling of a building. The company attached to the theatre gave their services. "Cherry and Star," with other entertainments, was given.

KATE DENIN has produced a drama of the "Streets of New York" at the Metropolitan Theatre, Buffalo, N. Y.

JENNIE PARKER joined the company at the Academy of Music, Albany, on the 9th inst., making her *debut* as Rachel, in the drama of the "Jewess," and notwithstanding the strong opposition of a carnival on the ice and a street band, she was greeted by a crowded house, and made a favorable impression.

A STAGE-STRUCK LASS advises in this week's CLIPPER for an opportunity to display her ivy.

ABOUT THE SALARY OF ACTOR.—Some time since, judgment was given by Alderman Welsh, in Philadelphia, for $30, in favor of James F. Sherry, against Sylvester & Sinn, managers of the New Chestnut Street Theatre. It appears that just before the beginning of the regular season, at September 1st, plaintiff was employed by Mr. Hess, as agent Mr. Grover, for the full season of forty-two weeks, or about months, on a stipulated salary of $30 per week, to play at the Chestnut Street Theatre a certain round of characters, and often contract to that effect was made. He entered upon engagement and played, and was paid for two weeks ending 22, when, according the allegation of defendants, he was barged because of his appearing upon the stage and attempt to perform his part while intoxicated. Plaintiff denied that was in that condition—denied the right of defendants to discharge him, and presented himself at the theatre for duty, where direction of Mr. Sinn, as was proved, he was refused admittance. Messrs. Grover & Sinn appealed from the decision of Alderman, and carried the case to the Court of Common Pleas. Evidence was heard on both sides, and the case given to the jury the 10th, who unanimously went in for Sherry, and gave him a verdict for $30, the amount claimed.

THE GARRISON AMATEURS of Montreal, C. E., gave the first of a series of performances at the Theatre Royal, Montreal, on the 9th inst., under the immediate direction of Mr. Vining Bowers. "Follies of a Night," and a semi-tragical, comical, political, allegorical extravaganza entitled "Dolorslatio" were produced. After the performance a grand ball took place. A correspondent says: "The first performance was a great success. The theatre presented the most beautiful pure I ever witnessed—ladies and gentlemen *all in full dress*. The pit was floored over, carpeted, and chairs placed, which, at the conclusion of the performance, were all removed in ten minutes, for the dance. Everything went like clock-work. Some of the gentlemen play extremely well, among whom I may mention Lord Russell, Mr. Cope, R. B., Capt. Grant, Mr. Hall and Mr. Shaw—the latter named is the author of the extravaganza 'Dolorsolati.' It is very cleverly written (something in John Brougham's style) and full of local hits, and caused a great deal of laughter and applause. The author was honored with a call in front of the curtain. Lord Alexander, as the Duke, was very good, and Mr. Cope, as Pierre, capital; Mrs. Buckland was of course good. They give seven performances—one a week. The next takes place Monday, Jan. 16th.

JENNIE HIGHT commenced a star engagement on the 7th inst., at the Athenæum, Cairo, Ill., appearing as Naramattah and Henri St. Aime in "Wept-of-the-Wish-ton-Wish" and the "French Spy." On the 9th, she appeared as the "Maid of the Mill" and "Nan, the Good for Nothing."

METROPOLITAN HALL, Frankfort, Ky., was opened on Jan. 2d, by H. A. Weaver, with the following company: H. R. Davies, T. Radcliffe, A. H. Seaman, T. Coleman, Jurray, Belle Smythe, Joey Booth, and Mrs. H. A. Weaver. hel Johnson and B. Macauley were the opening stars. Miss inson took a benefit on the 7th inst.

GEO. C. CHARLES was the recipient of grand complimentary benefit at the Front street Theatre, Baltimore, on Friday night last, tendered him by his personal friends, on which occasion he appeared in three of his best pieces, assisted by the dramatic company of the establishment. The pieces were "Shandy Maguire," "Irish Lion," and "The Happy Man." During the evening he was the recipient of a gold hunting case watch and heavy gold fob chain, made to order of his friends by Wm. H. Larmour, No. 10 Light street, and costing $750. It was presented to him by Gen. Wm. H. Hayward, who was replied to by the recipient in a neat speech. Mr. Charles has always kindly volunteered his services to any in the profession that were up for a benefit. A correspondent says that in the business community he stands very high, being a partner in one of the largest agricultural warehouses in Baltimore. The benefit was one of the best of the season.

WM. J. THOMPSON, hearing of the benefit to be given at the Holliday street Theatre, Baltimore, on Saturday afternoon last, kindly volunteered the services of himself and dogs. The bill being already made out for that afternoon, his name did not appear.

ACCIDENT.—Since my last letter, says our Baltimore correspondent "Monumental," quite a serious accident has happened in this city. On Friday, January 6th, while workmen were employed in tearing down a building located near the Holliday street Theatre, the wall gave away, killing three men instantly, and wounding four for life. Manager Ford, on hearing of the sad catastrophe, generously tendered the use of the theatre and his company for the relief of the families of the unfortunates on Saturday afternoon, Jan. 14th. The arrangements for the benefit were placed in the hands of the police commission and Thos. B. Carmichael, Marshal of Police.

THEATRICALS AND THE GERMAN OPERA in Chicago are thus referred to by our correspondent "Alpha." The weather has been beautiful and mild for the past week, with an occasional cold snap, just sufficient to let the Chicagoans know that they need not think navigation would re-open for a couple of months at least. The genial atmosphere allowed the belles to come out without discomfort, and the consequence has been that the amusement directors have been doing a capital business. At Wood's Theatre the entertainments have been of a varied character. Shakespeare's "Comedy of Errors" was produced three consecutive nights to good houses. Mrs. Perrin and Messrs. Aiken, McManus, Bradley and John Dillon personated the principal characters. On the evening of Saturday, the 7th instant, the admirably written comedy of all that "Glitters is not Gold," was given with a cast which few theatres in the country could equal. There was such a completeness about everything, that even that grumbling old curmudgeon, the ancient theatre goer, was satisfied. The audience followed with interest and emotion the fortunes of the poor orphan factory girl, "Martha Gibbs," as so truthfully portrayed by Mrs. L. B. Perrin. There was none of the sentimental mawkishness with which the part is often invested. The audience saw before them a noble, high principled young woman, subjected to the greatest of temptations, but who, through her goodness of heart and strength of character, passes safely through the ordeal, and appears like gold which has been exposed to the crucible, even more refined. Mr. Frank E. Aiken as "Stephen," had evidently studied the part with the greatest care. There was a complete charm surrounding the character, and all felt that before them was the true hearted honest young manufacturer who had pledged his troth and possessed too much principle to recall it, even although circumstances appeared to be sadly against his betrothed. He was strictly natural throughout. There was no attempt to make "points," and his Lancashire dialect was pure, and at the same time, refined, and showed that he moved in a higher sphere than those who are obliged to toil daily for their bread. It was slightly different from that which he used as "Bob Brierly" in "The Ticket of Leave Man," a piece which had an unprecedented run of fifty consecutive nights at this house. In such parts as appeal directly to the best feelings of the human heart, Mr. Aiken is always most successful, and has had the effect of rendering him one of the greatest favorites that ever appeared on the Chicago boards. It is reported that he will commence a "starring" tour next season, and has already effected several engagements. All lovers of the drama here will wish him "good speed." The other parts were admirably filled by Mr. Bradley, Mr. McManus, Mr. Little, and Mrs. Stoneall. On Monday, the 9th instant, the very interesting domestic drama of "Paul's Return," was produced and promises to be successful. Mr. A. D. Bradley, who is always quite at home in character old men parts, gave a most careful personation of "Richard Goldsworthy." He portrayed the disgrace under which he labored after having appropriated his ward's money, in a most feeling and truthful manner, and drew tears from the eyes of the audience. Mr. Aiken was "Paul," the returned Californian, to the life, and his lecture to "the friends of the family" on their selfishness and want of feeling was delivered amid rounds of applause.

gold, with the following inscription: 'Presented to Mr. L. J. Donnelly by the ladies of the Melodeon *ballet* Troupe.' On the reverse were the names of the donors, viz.: Misses Millie and Clara Fowler, Miss Julia Price, Miss Louisa Robinson, Miss Emma Thomas, Miss Maggie Mairs, Miss Ellen Collene, and Miss Rose Smith. The second gift consisted of a splendid silver watch presented by Mr. D. E. Hall. The presentation speeches were got off in good style, Mr. Donnelly responding in two neat and appropriate addresses."

At W. C. SMYTH'S VARIETIES (Trimbles), Pittsburgh, M'lle Anite Zanfretta, J. P. Johnson, and Mr. Frederick Mueller made their *debut* last week.....The celebrated Annetta Galletti is also engaged ....The Famous Ronzani Ballet Troupe are underlined for an early appearance.

NO CITY is without an attraction of some sort or other, and the first question a stranger in Philadelphia generally asks is, In which is the best place to enjoy yourself? The answer invariably is as follows: Go to the Casino, where you can see the far-famed Kathleen O'Neil, and listen to her screaming Irishisms. You can also gaze upon George Smith's beautiful *ballet* troupe, led by the charming Susie Summerfield, and hear Sam Long, the famous comic singer. There are also Geo. Warren, Master Murray, Ed Murray, Joe Childs, Young America, Jimmy Clark, and a host of gymnasts, pantomimists, beautiful *ballet* ladies, etc.

MISS KATHLEEN O'NEIL has returned to the Casino, Philadelphia, for a short season. Kitty had a benefit at the Oxford, Washington, Friday, Jan. 13th, which, no doubt, was a good one, as she is a great favorite with the public.

MR. FRED ARMS has been in Philadelphia during the past week, hunting up talent. Some of the Casino performers were to have gone to Pittsburgh, but, with one exception, have since decided to remain.

GIMBOTE PALACE, Baltimore, under the management of Bob Edwards, has proved a decided success where it has failed under former managers. So says "Monumental." He has now, under engagement, a talented female vocalist, Miss Julia Edwards, who is well received, judging from the rounds of applause that greet her nightly. The company is composed of good performers, well known in the profession. It is said that such a company has never before been brought to the notice of the patrons of that establishment, which is now visited nightly by a good class of people.

THE MELODEON, Baltimore, during the past week, has been devoted to Fitzsimmons' two-act piece entitled "The Female Pickpocket;" it drew large houses. On Monday, Jan. 9th, Andy Leavitt and Miss Annie Eldridge, *dancers*, appeared, and were well received. Andy Leavitt, Johnny Hart and Morrissey appear each evening in the Ethiopian sketch of "Clubs is Trumps," in which they are greeted with rapturous applause. For Monday, Jan. 16th, Fitzsimmons' two-act piece entitled "The Gay Street Dressmaker, or the Trials of a Union Martyr Girl" is announced. Bob Hall, the young Baltimorean, has been engaged expressly by Fitzsimmons to take the principal characters in the above piece.

Miss KATHLEEN O'NEIL, the popular comic cantatrice and actress, will be prepared to enter into engagements in a short time, and, as an advertisement in another column specifies, her services may be secured on application to Dick O'Neil, now located at the Casino, Philadelphia.

MARIETTA RAVEL is at the Chicago Varieties, and is charming all with her tight-rope performances and graceful dancing. Miss Maggie Marshall and Miss Louise Elmore are the other stars at this establishment.

CHATTANOOGA is all right in the way of amusements. A correspondent, under date of Jan. 4th, gives us the following bit of gossip:—"The first time in a long while was to-day that you, Mr. CLIPPER, made your appearance before me. Mr. Hood, however, has kindly resigned the superintending of the U. S. Military Railroads owing to the pressure of Northern influence, and Old Pap Thomas takes his place. The picture is 'Crockett, the Lion King.' How well I remember the first time I ever saw the man enter the cage of wild and untamed beasts. And, Mr. Proprietor, allow me to say that these illustrations in the CLIPPER do honor to the engraver.....Well, Chattanooga ain't much of a place to write sporting news from. We have a theatre, however, crowded nightly to witness the sprightliness of Miss Lottie Howland; the grace and beauty of M'lle. Elise who balances first on one leg and then on the other. Mr. Wm. Scott is stage manager, and does ballads for the 'hunkey doreys' in front. Last night I witnessed the people play 'Ireland As It Was,' but they didn't play it as it used to was, and but for Mr. Constantine and Add. Ryman, it would have been no play at all."

"HARLEQUIN FANTASIO," the long looked for pantomime at the Canterbury, Washington, was produced at that establishment by Manager Lea on the 9th inst. It is said to be one of the most magnificently mounted pieces seen in that city for a long time. It abounds with startling tricks, magic changes, new and beautiful scenery, mechanical effects, magnificent dresses, and properties, and produced "regardless of expense." There is a real cascade of water, which looks fearfully grand. The cast was as follows:—Pantaloon, Josh Hart; Clown, Charles Covelli; Harlequin, Ella Wesner; Columbine, Laura Le Claire; and Ceres, Julia Robinson. These are the principal characters.....In addition to this gorgeous pantomime, a horned quagga, tamed by Mr. Covelli, was introduced by that gentleman.....Annetti Galletti, together with the ballet troupe appeared; also, the trio of burnt corkites—Mulligan, Leavitt and Collins, constituting one of the best entertainments given in any music hall in this country. The pantomime is continued the present week.

BISHOP'S VARIETIES is still prosecuting a successful business at Chattanooga, and the original proprietor, Mr. Brigham Bishop, does not appear to have been frightened from his base by the near proximity of the "forces under Hood." Mr. Bishop is assisted by Mr. Joseph Hunt, who is now associated with him as partner, and appearances indicate that the new firm will prosper, for they have a full and efficient company, and, as will be seen by an advertisement in another column, they intend adding to their number, as talent, both male and female, are wanted. They give a first class variety entertainment, much to the delight of the citizens of Chattanooga, with whom the Varieties has become quite an institution.

Negro Minstrelsy.

MR. FRANK FORREST, proprietor of Forrest's Minstrels, is making preparations for the organization of his band for the Spring campaign. He has, however, been obliged to suspend operations for a while, from an accident he has met with. While leading his horse from the barn, a short time ago, the horse slipped and fell upon Mr. Forrest, breaking his leg. He is doing well, and hopes to be about soon.

MR. GEO. W. FORREST, late treasurer of Frank Forrest's Minstrels, is about to organize a troupe. They are to leave Providence the latter part of this month or the 1st of Feb. He has secured some talented artists, and in connection with a brass band, intends to give a good entertainment.

MR. J. O. REED, *alias* G. C. Stanley, better known to the Minstrel and Theatrical profession as "Pop Reed," has retired to his legitimate business of manufacturing boots and shoes, in Providence, R. I.

DUPREZ & GREEN'S MINSTRELS are billed to show in Paterson, N. J., on the 20th and 21st.

MINSTREL BANDS must begin to introduce some new gags, or our country cousins will be down on them. The *Troy News*, in speaking of minstrelsy, says: "We have had three evenings of a company of minstrels, heretofore strangers to Troy. We attended two evenings. Every joke in the 'first part,' on both these evenings, was stale—the most of them inexcusably so. Just to think of it, once. Here, in 1865, to listen to an end-man narrate his experience at college—going in the front door and getting kicked out the back—spelling stove-pipe—telling about those deers' horns; that patent hen's-nest with the trap-door; the nauseating and doubly worn-out gags about the Erie Canal—we would ask if they are not actually repulsive? Strange to say, that when jokes abound everywhere—in every paper, even to the *'Independent,'* they can't even change them once per annum. A few doses of hissing ocassionally, might rouse them from their laziness and set them at work, in either exercising their own wits or stealing the productions of some one else."

CHADWICK & WEBB'S MINSTRELS were in New London, Conn., last week, reorganizing; they were to start out again, under the management of T. Murphy, of that village, and were advertised to be in Providence on the 13th and 14th, thence to Newport on the 16th and 17th, and New Bedford on the 18th and 19th.

HAVERLEY'S MINSTRELS.—In consequence of a partnership being entered into by Messrs. J. H. Haverley and J. W. Mallory—the former of Haverley's Minstrels and the latter of Mallory's Minstrels, Haverley's Minstrels will hereafter be known as Haverley & Mallory's Great Combination Minstrels. They opened in combination, with their brass band, at Titusville, Pa., on the 27th ult., a correspondent informs us, to an immense biz.—which continued throughout the week at fifty and seventy-five cents .....Mr. Hugh Hamall, balladist, who had been suffering from severe illness, has rejoined the company, and made his first appearance before a Titusville audience, when he was received with hearty rounds of applause. Mr. Frank Wild, Ethiopian comedian, joined the company at the above place. Frank seems to be a great favorite there. Mr. R. H. Armstrong, the ponderous but popular agent, is at the head of the advertising department. Mr. Foote, jr., has been secured as an associate agent. The company opened at Erie, Pa., Jan. 9th and 10th: Painesville, 11th; Cleveland, 12th and 13th; they were to be at Sandusky, 14th; Mansfield, 16th; Newark, 17th; Zanesville, 18th and 19th; Lancaster, 20th; Circleville, 21st; Xenia, 23d; Dayton, 24th and 25th; Hamilton, 26th; Covington, Ky., 27th; Newport, Ky., 28th, and Cincinnati, 30th, 31st, and Feb. 1st.

SKIFF AND GAYLORD'S MINSTRELS will be in Binghampton, N. Y., on the 19th, and Oswego on the 20th. On the evening of the 10th inst., the proprietors of the show, Messrs. Steele and Silcum, gave the boys a grand supper, after the performance, at Bagg's Hotel, Utica.

A MINSTREL PARTY called the "Metropolitan Minstrels" are performing at the Savannah, Geo., Theatre to crowded audiences.

HENRY DAVIS, better known in the Ethiopian profession as Harry Macon, banjoist, died on Jan. 9th, in Wilmington, Del., after a long and painful illness. His disease was pulmonary consumption. He played his last engagement with S. S. Sanford's Minstrel Troupe, at Corning, N. Y., Oct. 14th, 1864. He was a native of Richmond, Va., and came north prior to the breaking out of the rebellion. His remains were interred in the cemetery at Wilmington.

FREDERICK, MD., says a correspondent, has been enlivened the past two weeks with a minstrel band known there as the Hospital Opera Troupe, who entertain the public at their hall in the U. S. General Hospital. The band was organized under the auspices of Steward, Neal and George Williams, out of the loose material scattered around the hospital, and consists of the following performers. Williams, Hibbs, Webster, Sullivan, McAvoy, Kulp, Schriber, McBain, Newbanks, Cara, Turner, and McCoy. There is a sprinkling of talent in the party, as some of the troupe are old performers. Among them is George Williams, well known in Albany as a performer. These performances are varied and entertaining, the hall being crowded nightly by a select and appreciative audience. It is the intention of the band to give performances all winter both in the Hospital and Junior Hall, in the city.

P. B. ISAACS, the Violinist, is in great favor at the Eureka Minstrel Hall, San Francisco.

THE CHAMPIONSHIP DANCE in San Francisco between Otto Burbank and Tommy Peel for the belt, came off at Maguire's Opera House in that city on Dec. 15th. Peel danced seven minutes, and Burbank five and a half. The heel-and-toe business was so nearly balanced between the parties that the judges were unable to decide, and the match was repeated on Dec. 17th at the same house. The judges were selected by Mr. Maguire, and if they disagreed, the whole matter was to have been left to the audience. The dancing proved too much for the judges, and they "guv it up." Seven judges from the audience then volunteered, and settled the question by ballot—*one* going for Burbank and *six* for Peel.

J. T. HUNTLEY, ex-Ethiopian comedian, is now said to be keeping a hotel at Catskill. At his own request, several months ago, we sent him a letter on business, repeated at intervals; but, as we have failed to get a response from the gentleman, probably owing to the "prevailing excuse," bad management in the P. O. department, we have concluded to seek him through this channel. If this should meet the eye of Mr. Huntley, or any of his relatives, they will hear of something to our advantage by communicating with us at once.

CHRISTY'S MINSTRELS have had a pretty successful season at Smith & Nixon's new hall, Chicago. They left on the 16th inst., for a tour through Ohio and Pennsylvania.

LEON & KELLY'S MINSTRELS still continue popular in Chicago, and their hall is well filled each night.

MR. R. M. HOOLEY denies the rumor that Mr. M. C. Campbell is to be associated with him in the management of Hooley's Opera House, Brooklyn.

DUPREZ & GREEN'S MINSTRELS gave the Trojans an opportunity of witnessing and listening to their entertaining performance on the 12th inst. The opportunity was taken advantage of to the extent of a full house.

NEWCOMB'S MINSTRELS opened on Monday, 9th inst., at the Opera House, Columbus, Ohio, for one week, playing in conjunction with McFarland's dramatic company, the dramatic company playing a farce previous to the minstrel performance. The Newcombs open in Cleveland for one week, commencing on Monday, 16th, at the Academy of Music. Business very good.

THE CHARLEY MORRIS MINSTRELS open at the Columbus (Ohio) Athenæum, for three nights, commencing on the 18th.

Circuses.

THE NATIONAL THEATRE, Cincinnati, was reopened on the 9th inst. by Mad. Macarte and Jimmy Reynolds, with the following company: Lucille Annetta, protean actress; Silas Baldwin, juggler; John Davenport, Young Madigan, J. Robinson, John Wilson, W. O'Dell, W. Dutton, Miss Francis, the Conrad Brothers, the Centraballi Louis, Willis Cobb's performing dogs and monkeys, the trick horse Fred Hunt, and the celebrated Irish dwarf equestrian Jonathan Jack. The spectacle of "Turpin's Ride to York," with Mad. Macarte as Dick Turpin, was given on the opening night.

ROCHETTE, the famous clown and herculean performer, arrived in California on Dec. 14th.

MANAGER WILSON has leased the Pavilion on Union Square, San Francisco, and was to open it about the 1st inst. as a Hippotheatron.

HOWE'S CIRCUS has been meeting with success in New Orleans. A correspondent writing on Dec. 26th says:—After another two weeks stay in this city the company leaves for Matamoras, Vera Cruz, and the Island of Cuba; after which they return to this city, and then they go up the river, allowing at all the river towns to Cairo; thence to St. Louis, where they expect to reorganize and start out on their summer tour through the Western States, about the middle of April.....A very pleasant reunion of the friends of Mr. James Robinson, the famed equestrian of Howes' Circus, took place at his rooms on Monday evening. The leader of the circus band, Mr. Wallis Reeves, having composed a "Champion Gallop," inspired by Robinson's great hurdle act, the latter called a meeting of his friends and presented Mr. Reeves with a magnificent gold cornet. After the speeches were made, a basket of champagne was opened, and a convivial hour pleasantly spent.....Frank Uffner and Chris. Bristle (with a fine side-show, consisting of the famous fat girl, the mammoth boy, Gen. Little Finger, and a rare collection of snakes, birds, and other curiosities, start for Matamoras on Dec. 28th.....Dan Castello opens his season with his show at Memphis about the first of March. Dan's trip up to Little Rock, Ark., was a success in every point of view. At present he is with Howe.

CIRCUS MAN KILLED.—We have received a letter from Wm. Teal, dated Panama, Jan. 6th, in which he gives us an account of an accident which resulted fatally to one of his companions. He says: "Our company was called 'Hermanos del Air,' or 'Brothers of the Air,' composed of Joseph Burdeau, Joseph Neal, Wm. Teal and David D. Ayres. We left Spalding & Rogers' Ocean Circus in Montevideo, 20 months ago, and afterwards travelled in all parts of South America, meeting with success, until we reached Truxillo, Peru, when David D. Ayres, while performing 'L'Echelle Perileuse,' fell from the bars—a distance of about 23 feet—and was killed instantly. It was a sad calamity, and caused a feeling of melancholy through Truxillo. We miss him as we would a brother. We expect to be in New York in a few months." [The accident occurred on the 18th of December.—ED. CLIP.]

HERR DRIESBACH, the lion tamer, was blessed on the 8th inst. with a fine, large, fat daughter. Mr. Driesbach is at present resting from his labors, at Wooster, Ohio. The subduer of wild beasts travels next season with the hippopotamus Show.

A TENT of large dimensions and in good condition is advertised for sale for $1,000 by H. M. Stone, in this week's CLIPPER.

S. O. WHEELER'S CIRCUS in Boston does not seem to take very well with the citizens in that place, owing to the neighborhood, which is rather quiet after dark. Mr. Wheeler has lately announced Joe Pentland, the popular clown, as engaged with him, but Joseph has never been there, nor does he intend to be. The Denzer Brothers are also among his list of performers, and they are in this city and have been for some time. It is not exactly the thing to advertise people in this way, for it not only disappoints the public, but causes said dear public to get ill natured with said performers.

A YOUNG LADY is wanted for next season by Yankee Robinson to travel with his circus company. One who can sing and dance. See advertisement.

Miscellaneous.

ALLYN, the wizard and ventriloquist, is at present performing in the principal towns in Connecticut, with his gift entertainments.

HEWITT HALL, Ypsilanti, Mich., which is a new building, is elegantly fitted up, and is now to be let for concerts, lectures, etc. See advertisement in another column.

AT GALVA, Illinois, they have an excellent hall, of large capacity, suitable for concerts, exhibitions, etc. Proprietors of travelling troupes should make a note of L. W. Beck's advertisement regarding the same in another column.

CHARLEY SHAY'S QUINCUPLEXAL AND CELESTIAL TROUPE opened doors at Lockport, N. Y., on the 6th inst., to a crowded house; all the stools being called into requisition to afford accommodations for the people. The company was at Dunkirk on the 9th; Westfield and Erie, 11th and 12th; and so on to Ashtabula, Painesville, Hudson, Ravenna, Akron, Mansfield, and Columbus on the 20th and 21st.

WELLS GENTHER, the wizard and comic vocalist, and Frank Genther, the clog dancer, are now at Columbus, Ohio.

LA RUE'S GREAT WAR SHOW is truly one of the most popular, because the most wonderful, exhibitions now before the public; and the business of the concern has been, as a general thing, unprecedentedly lucrative. In referring to it, a correspondent says that at Wheeling, Virginia, they had to call in the assistance of a Provost Guard to keep the people from trampling each other to death in their eagerness to procure tickets. In fact, he writes, "I never saw such business in all my life." It met with a like success at Zanesville and Dayton, Ohio. The exhibition is something new in this country, being composed entirely of moving figures, set in motion and worked by an ingenious mechanical process, and is the only exhibition of the kind in the country. D. C. La Rue is an immense favorite wherever he appears, and is now considered, by competent *critiques*, one of the greatest humorists in the country.

ELLSLER'S ATHENÆUM, Columbus, Ohio, has been recently renovated and decorated, and may now be rented for concerts, lectures, etc. For whom and where to address, see advertisement in another column.

MASTER SOL SMITH, the young vocalist, is with the Peak Family of Bell-Ringers.

THE PEAK FAMILY OF BELL-RINGERS were at Oshkosh, Wis., on the 9th inst., and were to be at La Crosse, Wis, on the 18th inst.

MISS HANNAH E. BAILEY, a new candidate for public favor, announces a course of dramatic readings for Monday, Wednesday and Friday, at Maryland Institute, Baltimore. Selections from the gems of Shakespeare, Poe, Longfellow and other celebrated writers, were announced on the programme.

THE GREAT ARTEMUS WARD will soon visit the Quaker City. When he gave a one night's entertainment in that city, a year or two ago, Musical Fund Hall was crowded in every part, and numbers who sought admittance were unable to squeeze in. Our friends in Philadelphia are to have another chance to see the "wax figger" man, as he is to give a series of entertainments, for one week, at Concert Hall, commencing on the 30th inst.

RUFUS SOMERBY'S COMBINATION TROUPE AND VARIETY SHOW was at Dayton, Ohio, on the 13th and 14th inst., and was to show at Covington, Ky., on the 16th, 17th and 18th. The route ahead for this show is Indianapolis, 19th, 20th and 21st; Richmond, Ind., 23d and 24th; Piqua, Ohio, 25th, and Toledo, 26th and 27th. Business is reported as being excellent.

ARTEMUS WARD has been doing a good business down east the past week. He is successful wherever he appears. His route ahead is as follows: 17th, Salem, Mass.; 18th, Haverhill; 19th, Lowell, and 20th and 21st at Worcester. On the 27th and 28th he will appear at Brooklyn.

MR. JOHN FULTON, formerly of Yankee Robinson's Show, has recently organized a Variety Troupe, which for the last two weeks has been doing very well in Davenport, Iowa. The company is composed of Susie, Julia and Annie Jackson, C. B. Cook, (late of the Metropolitan Theatre), Harry Wilds, Jerry Hopper, Charles Meyatt, Ora Dell, J. C. Williams, Forbes, &c. On Thursday and Wednesday of last week they played at Port Byron, Ill., and drew a full house both evenings. It is the intention of the manager to make a tour of the State. A correspondent says:—"There has not been such a scarcity of shows in Iowa for many years, and there is talent enough in Fulton's Troupe to make him sure that if he ever returns to a place where he has before exhibited, he will be sure of an enthusiastic welcome back."

THE GREAT ELLINGER AND FOOTE PARTY have the outer walls of Pittsburgh placarded with "Coming" to such an extent that if advertising will do any good they are bound to do the best "biz" of any troupe that has been in that smoky city for several seasons. If we are to take their last levees in that city as a sample, they undoubtedly will do well.

THE ETHNO-SOTERIAN opened in Pittsburgh on the 10th, to a good house, and continued to draw exceedingly well.

CONCERT HALL, Pittsburgh, has been secured for five years from April 1st, by Mr. J. R. Gardiner, a gentleman who has had experience in amusement matters and who knows the wants of the profession. It is said to be a beautiful Hall, with a gallery, and capable of seating 2000 people. It has always been a favorite, but great complaint has been made on account of inattention and filth. It is hard to keep an amusement hall clean in that dirty city, even with great effort, but when no care is given, we can easily imagine what would be its condition and present state. It will be entirely renovated before Mr. Gardiner takes possession, so that first-class companies need have no fear of spoiling their wardrobe.

MISS STERLING, the American Gianiess, is represented as being in the depths of poverty and distress in San Francisco. A few individuals were about collecting a subscription to send the lady East.

CARTER'S ZOUAVE TROUPE were at Decatur, Ill., two nights last week.

WHITTON, the humorist, was to show at Bristol, R. I., on the 16th, and Swansea, Mass., on the 17th.

THE LONDON STEREOSCOPE, with the auxiliary attraction of Yankee Glunn, Nettie Kimball, Woodward and Magi, have been playing in Paterson, N. J. They open at Port Jervis on the 16th, and follow the line of the Erie Road west.

LA RUE'S WAR SHOW will appear in the following places: Covington, Ky., Jan. 21st, for three days; Indianapolis, Ind., five days, commencing on the 28th; Lafayette, Ind., on the 31st, for five days; New Albany, Ind., Feb. 7th, for five days; Louisville, Ky., one week, commencing Feb. 13th, thence West.

Foreign Dramatic and Show News.

THE LONDON THEATERS are all doing well with their pantomimes, attracting remunerative houses. At the Drury Lane Theatre, the Pantomime of "Hop O'My Thumb and His Eleven Brothers; or, Harlequin and the Ogre of the Seven-league Boots," by Planchard, is said to be a splendid production, and has added another link to the chain he has so pleasantly woven round the rising generation.....At Her Majesty's Theatre Byron's extravaganza of the "Lion and the Unicorn," is well received. The characters, it is said, are not numerous, but the piece is played with much spirit.....'Cinderella" is the attraction at the Covent Garden Theatre, and which, for completeness and brilliancy of *mis-en-scene*, is said to be far in advance of anything heretofore offered by the management.....Fechter is playing "Ruy Blas" at the Lyceum Theatre.

THE NEW OPERA HOUSE at Vienna will be profusely decorated. The lobby will be adorned with frescoes representing scenes in Mozart's "Zauberflote." Between these frescoes will be placed the busts of Mozart, Beethoven, Gluck, Haydn and Franz Schubert. The principal grand staircase will be ornamented with statues of the seven Fine Arts. There will be on the wall allegorical representations of Grand Opera, Comic Opera and Ballet. In the saloon will be fourteen busts of the composers most popular in Vienna, such, for instance, as Weigl, Kreutzer, Donizetti, Rossini, Meyerbeer, Verdi, Nicolai, Marschner, Cherubini, Weber, Spohr, &c. The ceiling will be covered with allegorical pictures representing Inspiration, Love, Piety, Devotion, Merriment, Melancholy, Love of Life, and Passion. In the middle of the act-drop there will be an allegorical figure of Music surrounded by the Four Elements.

MR. BENJAMIN LANG, of Manchester, Eng., died in that city Dec. 27th, 1864, the cause being a fit. He is said to have been one of the first, if not the first large Concert Room proprietor in England, and was considered the father of the profession. He opened the Victoria Music Gallery, Manchester, in 1838.

THE LANCASHIRE BELL-RINGERS have made a successful concert tour in Madras, Ceylon, Colombo, Kandy, and Galle. Near Madras they played twice before the Rajah of Mysore, for which they received $1,250 and all their expenses, board, lodging, carriages, &c.; besides being presented individually with shawls and rings of great value. The ring (a ruby) given to Mr. Bryan, the manager, was valued at $150, and the shawl at $250; and at Madras they gave three concerts, under the patronage of Sir William Denison, the Governor. They have paid over $3,000 in direct fares, in four months, and they have played to the best houses ever known in Calcutta, four nights a week. According to our last advices, they were to leave Calcutta in December, to play a month's engagement in Bombay, for which they were to receive $5,000, and they would afterwards start overland to London, calling at Alexandria, Malta, Lisbon, &c.

MISSES CARRY AND LAURA NELSON were performing at the Prince of Wales Theatre, Liverpool, at last advices.

E. A. SOTHERN is playing an extravaganza of "Lord Dundreary, Married and Done For," at the Haymarket Theatre, London.

"THE STREETS OF LONDON" reached its one hundred and thirty-seventh representation on Jan. 7th, at the Princess' Theatre, London. Matinees are given every Saturday and Monday at the theatre.

THE MENKEN resumes her engagement at Astley's Theatre, London, at the conclusion of the pantomime season. On the 5th of June she commences her provincial engagements.

AMONG the "one"-ders of the world advertised in a London paper are the following: a one arm violinist, a one lip cornet player, a one hand drummer, a one eye double sighted lady, a one lung vocalist, a one notion although a one song comic singer, a one verse improvisatore, a one trick wizard, a one leg horse for Mazeppa, &c. Mr. Fred. Hughes, one arm man, is the agent of this "one"-derful party.

AMUSEMENTS.

OLYMPIC THEATRE.

Doors open at 7 .....Commencing at 7½

SIXTH WEEK
AND UNDIMINISHED SUCCESS
of the
GREAT SENSATION
of the
SEASON,
THE
STREETS
OF
NEW YORK.

Box office open daily from 9 to 4, where seats can be secured SIX DAYS IN ADVANCE. 41

WINTER GARDEN.

HOLIDAY EVENINGS
WITH
SHAKESPEARE.

THE SENSATION OF THE SEASON.

EDWIN BOOTH
AS
HAMLET.

TO-NIGHT, AND EVERY NIGHT,
The play is presented with
NEW SCENERY, MUSIC, PROPERTIES, AND MACHINERY,
in a style combining a
SPLENDOR OF PRODUCTION UNSURPASSED,
with strict historical accuracy.
"The stage in our time has witnessed no grander or more thrilling pageant."—New York Albion.
Doors open at 6½.
Curtain rises at 7½ precisely. 41

NEW BOWERY THEATRE.

Sole Proprietor.....MR. J. W. LINGARD.
THE GREAT
EQUESTRIENNE-PANTOMIMIST
and
MELODRAMATIC ACTRESS,
MISS LEO HUDSON,
FOR FIVE NIGHTS MORE.

MONDAY AND TUESDAY EVENINGS,
The immense Drama of
JACK AND HIS STEED.
MISS LEO HUDSON as JACK SHEPPARD.

Also, the Drama of
NARRAMATAH.
MISS LEO HUDSON
as NARRAMATAH.
WITH
THE HAPPY MAN. 41

FOX'S OLD BOWERY THEATRE.

Lessee, Director, and Manager.....G. L. FOX.
PRODUCTION
of the
GREAT INDIAN DRAMA,
WACOUSTA.

Wacousta.....J. B. STUDLEY.
Ocanesta.....MISS R. DENVIL.
Ciara de Haldemar.....MISS EMMA REIGNOLDS.
(Her first appearance here.)
Pompey Sip.....J. McCLOSKEY.
Haldemar.....WM. ST. MAUR.
THE FULL COMPANY.
Pas de Calypso..MLLE. MARTINETTI and MONS. BAPTISTIN.
Revival of the Spiritual Drama of
THE BOTTLE IMP.
Wellibald.....H. CHAPMAN.
Bottle Imp.....S. BRADSHAW.

FRIDAY, BENEFIT OF MR. J. B. STUDLEY. 41

BROADWAY THEATRE.

MONDAY EVENING, JANUARY 16,
TWENTY-FIRST WEEK
MR. JOHN E. OWENS' SUCCESS
in
SOLON SHINGLE
and
THE LIVE INDIAN,
Is so full and demonstrative, that the Manager is compelled to announce these
MARVELS OF COMIC ACTING
FOR A FEW NIGHTS LONGER.
Meantime, the public are advised to improve this final opportunity of enjoying
THE MOST POPULAR TRIUMPHS
KNOWN TO THE COMIC STAGE.
Notice will be given in a few days of
MR. OWENS'
First appearance as
PAUL PRY. 41

NIBLO'S GARDEN. Begins at 7½, Concludes at 10½.

Lessee and Manager.....WM. WHEATLEY
HOUSES CROWDED NIGHTLY TO OVERFLOWING.
THIRD WEEK AND CONTINUED SUCCESS
of the
GREAT IRISH DRAMA,
THE SHAMROCK.
MR. BARNEY WILLIAMS,
In his original character of PAT MALLOY,
With the song of "Pat Malloy."
MRS. BARNEY WILLIAMS as.....MAGGIE.
SUPPORTED BY A POWERFUL CAST.
SPLENDID SCENERY
BEAUTIFUL MUSIC,
COMPLETE APPOINTMENTS,
RICH FURNITURE,
STARTLING SITUATIONS,
INTRICATE MECHANICAL EFFECTS,
STRIKING TABLEAUX,
ALL NEW,
And of the most costly description.
Seats secured six days in advance. 41

HELLER'S SALLE DIABOLIQUE.

No. 585 Broadway, opposite Niblo's.
MONDAY, JANUARY 16,
and following evenings,
FIRST NIGHTS
of
ROBERT HELLER'S
NEW PROGRAMME
OF CLASSICAL ILLUSIONS
and
SELECTED SENSATIONS.
First Nights of
THREE NEW PIANOFORTE SOLOS,
Thalberg's "Andante," Heller's "Josephine Mazurka," and Heller's "Ever of Thee."
GRATUITOUS MAGICAL TUITION
In the Ring-Trick, Rope-Trick, and Cutting off the Nose.
Doors open every evening at 7½; commence at 8.
MATINEES ON WEDNESDAY
41 and on SATURDAY, at 2 P. M.

NIBLO'S SALOON.

COMPLIMENTARY TESTIMONIAL
TENDERED TO WILLIE HENDERSON
BY THE COLUMBIA D. A.,
WEDNESDAY EVENING, JANUARY 18th, 1865.
Tickets to be had of Firth Sons, also of any of the members, or at the door on the evening of performance.
Tickets 50 cents. 41-1t*

HENRY COOK'S wonderful CIRCUS TROUPE of DOGS AND MONKEYS, having concluded an engagement of over 100 nights at the Hippotheatron, can be engaged through
CONNER & LEA,
Dramatic and Musical Agents,
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WANTED TO TRAVEL--A YOUNG LADY, to Sing and Dance. No one need apply unless they can give ample assurance to remain the entire season. Address YANKEE ROBINSON, 12 and 14 Spruce street, New York. 41-1t*

A THEATRICAL SCENE PAINTER, well known to the profession as a skillful artist, desires an engagement in that capacity. Address C. LEHMAN,
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AMUSEMENTS.

BARNUM'S AMERICAN MUSEUM.

ANOTHER NEW FEATURE.
First time of the celebrated performance,
PUNCH AND JUDY,
with the same apparatus as when witnessed by
HER MAJESTY QUEEN VICTORIA,
at Windsor Castle and the Crystal Palace. Punch will receive his friends at his
GRAND LEVEES, EVERY MORNING AT 11,
EVERY AFTERNOON AT 3, EVENING AT 7½.
Last week of the Gorgeous Spectacle,
THE RING OF FATE;
OR, FIRE, AIR, EARTH, AND WATER.
Previous to which, in the AFTERNOON, DOUBLE BEDDED ROOM; EVENING, VERMONT WOOL DEALER.
TIM HAYES, THE CHAMPION CLOG DANCER.
TWO MAMMOTH FAT WOMEN—1,400 POUNDS.
LIVING SKELETON. GIANT BOY—8 FEET HIGH.
MAMMOTH MONKEY. THE DRILL.
WOODROFFE'S BOHEMIAN GLASS BLOWERS EXHIBIT
TWO GLASS STEAM ENGINES,
CIRCASSIAN GIRL, DWARF, ALBINO BOY, LIVING OTTERS,
FRENCH MOVING FIGURES, AQUARIA, MENAGERIE.
Admission 30 cents; Children under ten, 15 cents.

WOOD'S MINSTREL HALL

514 BROADWAY,
Opposite St. Nicholas Hotel.
Proprietor, &c.....HENRY WOOD.
Doors open at 6½, Performances Commence at 7½ o'clock.
DELIGHTED AUDIENCES.
ENTHUSIASTIC APPLAUSE.
GISSIPIUS, DEAF AS A POST,
SMIGGY McGLURAL, OUR FOREIGN RELATIONS,
MILLER AND HIS MEN, POMPEY MOORE,
COMIC BANJO SOLOS, JACK ON THE GREEN, &c.,
BY THE STAR TROUPE OF THE WORLD.
Frank Brower, J. T. Boyce, L. C. Brimmer, Cool White, C. Henry, C. G. Lockwood, J. W. Glonn, H. Schwicardt, F. R. Mollenhauer, E. Haslam, N. O'Neil, and J. Bergness
THE BEST COMEDIANS, THE BEST QUARTETTE, and THE BEST INSTRUMENTALISTS IN THE PROFESSION.
TICKETS 30 CENTS. RESERVED SEATS 50 CENTS.
NOTICE.—No connection with any travelling company assuming the name of Wood's Minstrels. 41

THE HIPPOTHEATRON, Begins at 7½

Fourteenth street, opposite the Academy of Music.
MONDAY EVENING, Jan. 16, and every evening until further notice,
GRAND MATINEES WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY at 2½.
Triumphant success of the new and Original Grand Comic English Christmas Pantomime,
HARLEQUIN BLUE BEARD;
with its new and Gorgeous Scenic and Spectacular Effects, Tricks, Transformations, Comic Scenes, endorsed by Crowded Houses, pronounced by the entire Press to be the most unquestionably splendid and mirth-moving Spectacular production
EVER PRESENTED TO THE PUBLIC.
HARLEQUIN BLUE BEARD
will be given every evening, and at all the Matinees, with its UNPARALLELED CAST AND SPLENDID APPOINTMENTS.
In addition to the
GRAND EQUESTRIAN AND GYMNASTIC PERFORMANCES,
in which the whole of
THE LEVIATHAN STAR COMPANY APPEAR
IN GORGEOUS ARRAY.
SEATS SECURED SIX DAYS IN ADVANCE. 41

SECOND ANNUAL TOUR

OF THE
MODEL ETHIOPIAN CONFEDERACY OF THE WORLD.
HAVERLY & MALLORY'S
GREAT COMBINATION MINSTRELS
AND
BRASS BAND,
22 TALENTED VOCALISTS, MUSICIANS, AND DELINEATORS OF ETHIOPIAN COMEDY.
SELECTED GEMS FROM THE GREAT AND UNAPPROACHABLE CONGRESS OF ETHIOPIAN ARTISTS.
OBSERVE OUR MAMMOTH CONSTELLATION OF POPULAR STARS:—

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Miss EVA BLANCHARD,	Mr. EDWARD MAYO,
Miss NORA PYNE,	Mr. HUGH HAMALL,
Miss EDNA WILLIS,	Mr. HARRY CAULAND,
Mr. L. J. MAYO,	Master BOBBY JUDGE,
Mr. CARL STRAUSS,	Mr. M. BLESSINGER,
Mr. GEORGE FIELDS,	Mr. ARTHUR FERGUSON,
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After a triumphal tour through the Canadas, British Provinces, and New England States, this popular company will soon return west to the scenes of their former successes, visiting the principal cities in Ohio, Michigan, Indiana, Illinois, and Missouri.
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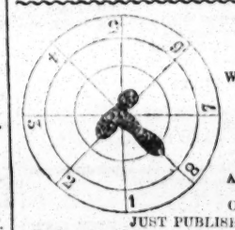

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The most Artistic, and one of the Oldest Dancers in the profession.
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J. W. WILDER.....Manager.
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We call the attention of Managers and Professionals who wish to avail themselves of the extensive circulation of the NEW YORK CLIPPER, the Theatrical Organ of America, to make known their business, wants, etc., to the following schedule of rates for advertising:—

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Communications to insure attention in the issue for that week, should reach us by Monday morning, at latest, or Saturday, if possible, and invariably be addressed to

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EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR,
No. 22 Spruce street, N. Y.

J. W. Morse & Co.
DESIGNERS AND ENGRAVERS
ON WOOD IN ALL ITS BRANCHES
105 NASSAU ST. N.Y.

HOOLEY'S OPERA HOUSE, BROOKLYN.
THE HOME OF MINSTRELSY,
THE RESORT OF THE CONNOISSEUR OF FUN, BURLESQUE, AND SONG.
OPEN EVERY NIGHT.

Every Phase of Minstrelsy legitimately performed by the following well known and unapproachable Artists:—

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Doors open at 7; to commence at 8 o'clock.
Tickets 50 cents; Reserved, 50 cents; Private Boxes, $3.
39-tf E. GREENLAND, Agent.

MRS. CONWAY'S
PARK THEATRE,
Opposite the City Hall, Brooklyn.
OPEN EVERY NIGHT, WITH A SUPERIOR COMPANY
In all the Standard Plays of the Drama. 40-41*

HOOLEY AND CAMPBELL'S MINSTRELS,
199 and 201 BOWERY, opposite Spring street.
COMBINATION OF ARTISTS.
HOOLEY'S OPERA HOUSE, BROOKLYN, and
HOOLEY & CAMPBELL'S, BOWERY,
Embracing the following great array of talent.
Read the names of the best performers ever brought together:

COOL BURGESS,	W. S. BUDWORTH,
FRANK LESLIE,	A. NICHOLLS,
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H. MUDGE,	G. DODSON,
R. NICHOLLS,	W. H. LEWIS,
HAIL COLUMBIA,	W. HODGKINS,

YANKEE DOODLE.
NO ADVANCE IN PRICES. 41-1t*

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CHATTANOOGA, TENN.

CARD.—I am happy to introduce to the public MR. JOSEPH HUNT as equal partner in the above establishment.
DECEMBER 26th, 1864. BRIGHAM BISHOP.
BISHOP & HUNT.....Proprietors.
WM. SCOTT.....Stage Manager.
L. E. WEYMOUTH.....Treasurer.
NED STRAIGHT.....Music Director.
EDDIE FOX.....Leader of Orchestra.

This place has been open since the closing of the Pavillion, in October, and as ever, for talent and patronage, we are ahead of any military place of amusement. Our entertainments are of the most chaste character—quite unlike variety shows in common. Performance closes at 8½ o'clock every night, giving the people connected with the place a chance to have a social evening outside of business. No liquors are sold, and no performer employed who cannot get applause for their ARTISTIC MERIT.

The following artists are connected with the establishment and engaged till the first of March.

M'LLE ELSIE, NED STRAIGHT,
MISS LOTTIE HOWLAND, EDDIE FOX,
MISS LOUISE SWEATMAN, FRANK GERARD,
MRS. WM. SCOTT, SIG. DOMINIC DERAGO,
MR. WM. SCOTT, PROF. EILMAN,
MR. ADD. RYMAN, BILLY SWEATMAN,
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W. F. BUST, JOHNNY MURPHY.
BOB LINDLEY,

WANTED—For the Spring Opening, TWO FINE DANCING GIRLS—the best—must be BEAUTIFUL. May address
BRIGHAM BISHOP, Quincy House, Boston,
till the 25th of Jan., then Earl's Hotel, New York, till Feb. 15th.
Must be ready to leave on or about the 15th.

Also, WANTED—A FEW MALE PERFORMERS in any line—who are tip top in their role. We present at our place every variety of performance put upon the stage. 41-5t*

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This new and elegant Hall is now open for Concerts, Lectures and Exhibitions, with dressing rooms, large stage and footlights. Seats 800. [41-1t] Address HEWITT & BRO.

CAUTION TO MANAGERS.
Having been shamefully wronged by an unprincipled performer named FRANK HOWARD, I publish this in order that other managers may not be imposed upon. In October last I engaged this individual for the winter season at $18 per week and expenses; he arrived in New York two weeks before starting time, dead broke. I paid his board during the time at $5 per week at Mrs. Perry's, 203 Elm street; besides, I advanced him some money, amounting to $5 00. He was at rehearsals every time, until the day for starting, when he was nowhere to be found. He is therefore not to be trusted. He is now performing with minstrels in Brooklyn, so any manager wishing to hire such a fellow will do well to engage this one. CHARLEY SHAY,
40-2t* Quincuplexal Troupe.

WANTED---by a Young Lady who is "Stage Struck," an engagement with a first class theatre where she will be taught to act. Ordinary in appearance, intellect and education. Please address P. O, Washington, D. C. 41-1t*

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GREAT WAR SHOW,
THE WONDERFUL STRATOPATETICON; OR, WALKING ARMY,
[From the Tremont Theatre, Boston].

The most thrilling of all modern miracles, embracing an astounding combination of
NINETY THOUSAND MOVING AND ACTING FIGURES,
models of Men, Horses, Animals, Ships, etc., vividly re-enacting the principal battles, both by Sea and Land, of the great Southern Rebellion.

MR. D. C. LA RUE,
the greatest of living Humorists, will appear at each exhibition in his very amusing and laughable Comic Parlor Entertainments, entitled "LA RUE'S OLIO OF ODDITIES."

Will visit Cincinnati, Louisville, Indianapolis, Toledo, Detroit, Chicago, Milwaukee, St. Louis, and St. Paul, Minnesota, during the season of 1865.
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COLUMBUS, OHIO.
This favorite establishment can be rented for Concerts, Lectures, and respectable Exhibitions of any kind. It has been newly Painted, Decorated, Heated, &c., and is now one of the most eligible and comfortable places of amusement in the city.
Apply to C. A. WAGNER,
Columbus, Ohio, or
JOHN A. ELLSLER,
41-tf Opera House, Columbus, O.

LILLIE MARDEN, the Popular Young COMEDIENNE and VOCALIST, in conjunction with the young American Comedian, CHARLIE WILKINSON, will soon make a tour of the principal cities, with a New and Novel Repertoire. Managers having 6, 12 or more nights, can address CHARLIE WILKINSON, Comedian, Rochester, N. Y. 41-4t*

WANTED---Immediately, at
SANFORD'S OPERA HOUSE, HARRISBURGH, PA.,
SIX DANSEUSES AND ONE VOCALIST.
Address, stating terms, to JOE MILLER,
Proprietor Sanford's Opera House,
39-3t* Harrisburg, Pa.

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BALTIMORE, MARYLAND.
TRIUMPHANT SUCCESS
OF THE NEW COMPANY.
ONE HUNDRED STAR PERFORMERS,
Songs and Dances of all Nations, Opera, Drama, Farces.
Admission 50 cents.
Stars treated on liberal terms. Address
BOB EDWARDS, Sole Lessee,
40-4t Gemote Palace.

YANKEE LOCKE, the GREAT AMERICAN COMEDIAN, commences an engagement at the Metropolitan Theatre, Rochester, N. Y., Jan. 23d. Managers wishing to engage the services of Mr. Locke for six, twelve, or more nights, can do so by addressing his Agents, CONNER & LEA,
40-2t 25 West Houston street, New York.

ATTENTION, SHOWMEN!
THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC,
in the city of CLEVELAND, OHIO, will be LET for public entertainments during the recess of the theatrical season, from January 1st to about May 1st, 1865. This is the largest and best Hall in the city.
Applications should be made to
T. R. CHASE,
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AMUSEMENTS.

539. **VAN AMBURGH & CO'S** 541.
MAMMOTH MENAGERIE,
AND GREAT MORAL EXHIBITION.
HYATT FROST.....Manager.
NOS. 539 AND 541 BROADWAY.
OPEN DAILY FROM 10 A. M. TO 10 P. M.
STILL MORE ADDITIONS!!!

JUST ARRIVED,
THREE BACTRIAN CAMELS,
the only genuine two humped camels that have been seen in this country for forty years. Also one
ARABIAN DROMEDARY,
A DROVE OF SIX CAMELS
is now included in the collection.

This Colossal Establishment now contains the most
ENORMOUS COLLECTION
OF
LIVING WILD ANIMALS
to be found in any similar institution in the world, comprising
NUMEROUS EXTREMELY RARE VARIETIES, NEVER BEFORE EXHIBITED IN THIS COUNTRY,
and forming
THE GREATEST CONGREGATION
of the
BEASTS AND BIRDS OF EVERY CLIME
that the public have ever had an opportunity of beholding, while FRESH ADDITIONS ARE CONSTANTLY ARRIVING, thus enabling the Management to present an UNCEASING SUCCESSION OF ZOOLOGICAL NOVELTIES.

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will be given,
AT 11½ IN THE FORENOON,
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Consisting of an
EXTRAORDINARY DISPLAY OF SAGACITY AND TRAINING
BY
HIGHLY TRAINED ANIMALS,
affording abundant food for
WONDER, MIRTH AND GRATIFICATION
TO
THOSE OF EVERY AGE AND EVERY TASTE.

At each performance will be presented
AN AMUSING DIVERTISSEMENT
Introducing the
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GEN. JOCKO AND MAJOR JACK DOWNING,
who will give a
REMARKABLE DISPLAY OF EQUITATION
upon their
BEAUTIFUL DIMINUTIVE PONIES
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THE DANCING PONY, CUBAS,
a model of equine gracefulness, in her exquisite exercises

THE COMIC MULE,
in a practical exemplification of mulcishness.

SIGNOR VICTOR,
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THE MOST WONDERFUL PERFORMING MONKEY
IN THE WORLD,
will display his varied accomplishments as
A MUSICIAN, A COMEDIAN, A DANSEUR, A PANTOMIMIST, A FENCING MASTER AND A SHARPSHOOTER,
a performance which cannot fail to produce
UPROARIOUS SCREAMS OF LAUGHTER,
and is especially adapted to
DELIGHT THE LITTLE FOLKS BEYOND MEASURE.

THE PERFORMING ELEPHANT
"TIPPO SAIB,"
at the command of his keeper, FRANK NASH, will go through a VARIETY OF EXTRAORDINARY FEATS,
never before attempted by any animal of his enormous bulk.
THE MONSTER ELEPHANT,
"HANNIBAL,"
the largest quadruped in the known world, will be introduced in the ring by MR. TOWNSEND, in order to give visitors an opportunity of observing to the best advantage his
COLOSSAL PROPORTIONS.

To conclude with the
THRILLING FEATS
OF
PROFESSOR LANGWORTHY
IN THE
DENS OF LIONS, TIGERS AND LEOPARDS.

Notwithstanding the enormous increase in the expenditures of the establishment the present season, the price of
ADMISSION IS ONLY 25 CENTS.
ADMISSION IS ONLY 25 CENTS.
NO HALF PRICE. NO FREE LIST.

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J. L. DAVIS.....MANAGER
Late proprietor of the Olympic Theatre, Philadelphia.
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A. G. COOPER.....LEADER OF ORCHESTRA
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W. R. HAYDEN.....AGENT
TWENTY-FOUR
TALENTED ARTISTS.
THE LARGEST AND MOST VERSATILE COMBINATION
OF
MINSTRELS
IN THE WORLD,
in conjunction with the
GREAT AMERICAN FEMALE BLONDIN,
MLLE CAROLISTA,
Comedienne and Comic Vocalist,
Also the favorite and popular Artiste
LIZZIE LOUISE DAVIS,
Who will appear every evening.

The celebrity of the Talented Artistes whose names appear in the following list is too well established to need either comment or eulogium:

J. L. DAVIS,	W. D. DANIELS,
LEWIS WALTERS,	C. H. O'NEIL,
BILLY WATSON,	PROF. H. H. BURTON,
FRANK GLASS,	JAMES NEWHALL,
CHAS. W. STRAIGHT,	HARRY BLOOD,
JOHNNY CURRY,	J. R. ROBERTS,
S. M. CONSTANTINE,	JOHN C. MORRIS,
AUGUST GLASS,	FRANK NEWHALL,
J. B. MURPHY,	JAMES KENNY,
A. G. COOPER,	SIG. RINALDO,
MAST. CHARLIE,	M'LLE CAROLISTA,
JOHNNY COLE,	LIZZIE LOUISE DAVIS.

who will appear each evening in a variety of
ACTS AND CHANGE OF PROGRAMME
That
CHALLENGE COMPETITION,
Introducing Gems of the
DRAMA, OPERA AND BALLET. 40-3t*

ST. CHARLES STREET OPERA HOUSE,
74 ST. CHARLES STREET,
NEW ORLEANS.
ALLINSON & WOOD.....LESSEES AND MANAGERS
OPEN FOR THE SEASON.
THE ÆOLIAN MINSTRELS
OF SIXTEEN ARTISTS,
In their Drawing Room Entertainments,
40- Every Evening and Saturday Afternoon.

WANTED--Immediately,
FOR DUPREZ & GREEN'S MINSTRELS,
A FIRST CLASS VIOLINIST, who is capable to arrange Vocal and Instrumental Music thoroughly, and can play Solo Alto Horn in the band. Also, Wanted—A CLARIONETIST, who can play a good First or Second Alto Horn; Frank Kritts preferred, if disengaged. None but first class musicians need apply. Address by letter or telegraph, to Stanwix Hall, Albany, until January 16th, stating lowest terms. After the above mentioned date address in care of Frank Queen, New York City,
40-3t* CHAS. H. DUPREZ, Manager.

FRED. AIMS' MELODEON.
PITTSBURGH, PA.
FRED. AIMS.....Sole Lessee.
This First Class
MUSIC HALL
Is now doing a
FLOURISHING BUSINESS.
STARS
AND
PERFORMERS
OF
ACKNOWLEDGED ABILITY,
Can secure Engagements
by addressing as above. 39-3m*

MME. CARLOTTA POZZONI,
THE EMINENT SOPRANO,
assisted by
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